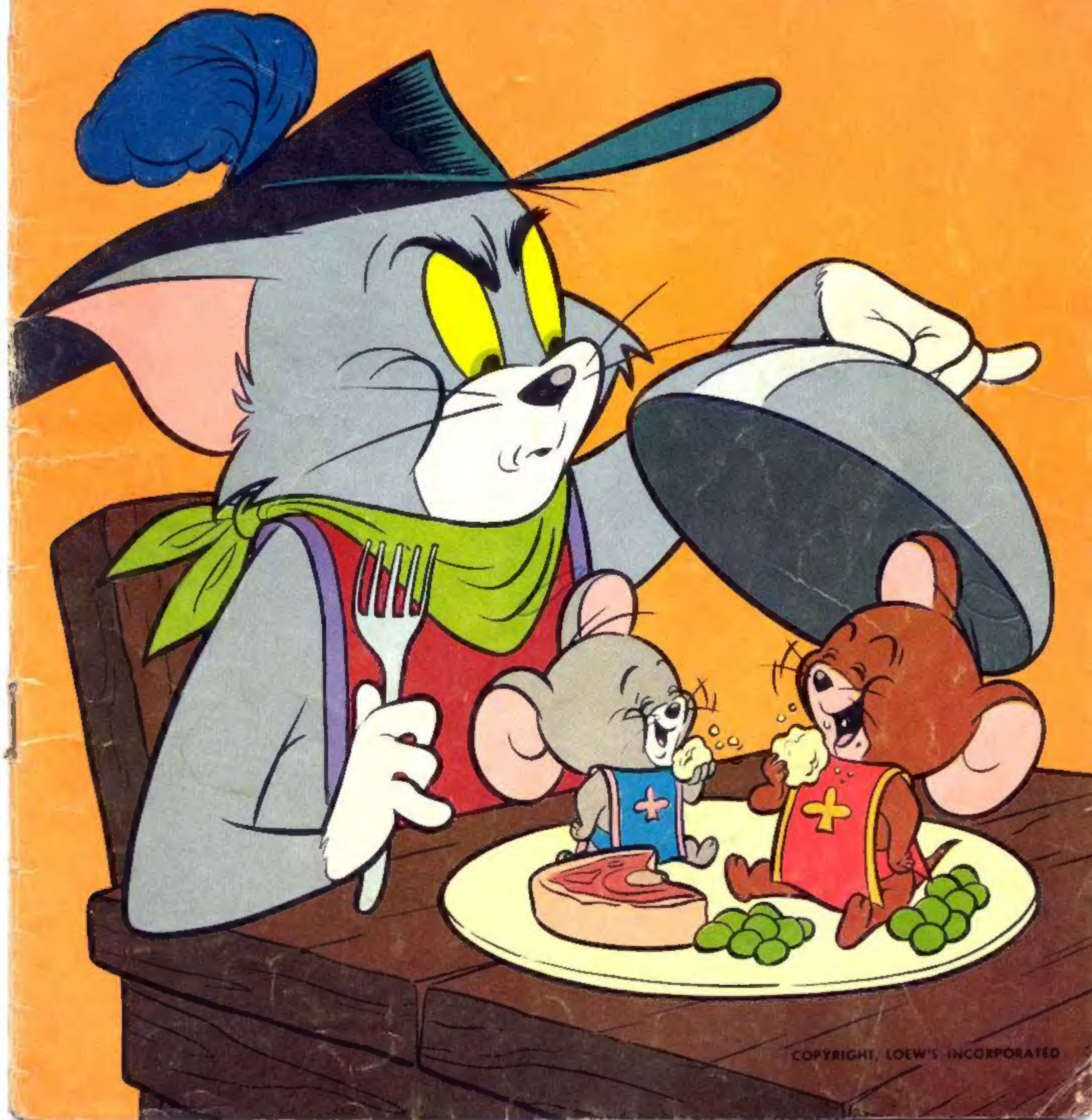


DELL

JUNE-AUG.

Still 10¢

# M.G.M.'S **MOUSE MUSKETEERS**



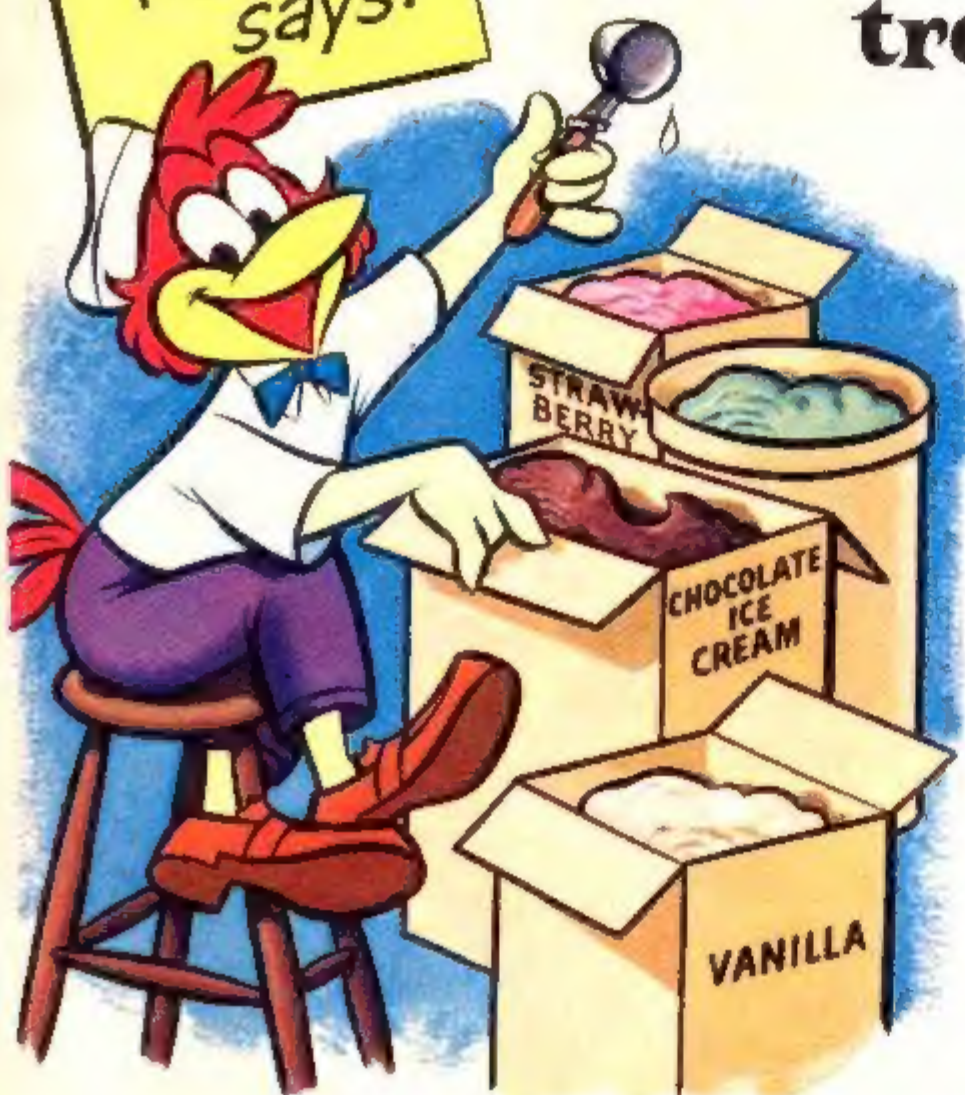
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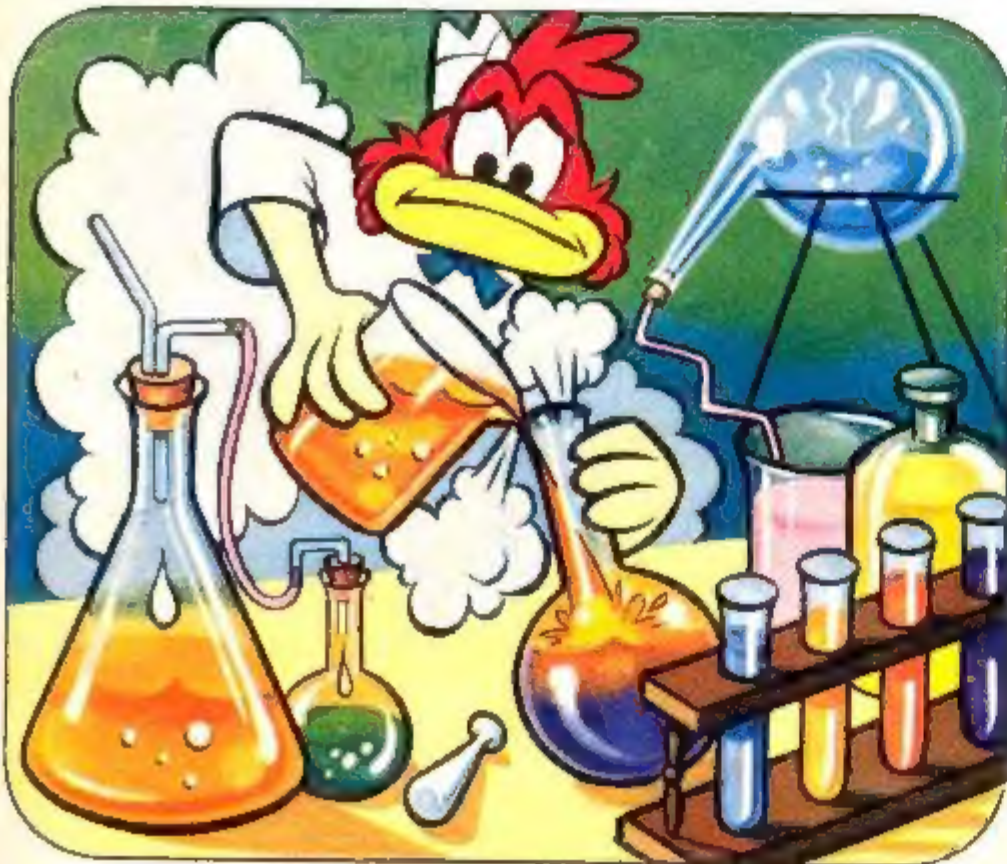
"Fresh up  
Freddie  
says:"

"RIGHT NOW, you're probably asking yourself—

**What's the scoop on a Super  
treat for summer?"**



"I'm an amateur jerk! Soda jerk, that is. My hobby is creating rare and beautiful summer treats. But somehow they just leave me cold. I'm fed up with Watermelon Fizzes!"



"So I experiment to find the super dooper creation of all. I discover Choco-berry Malted, Pineapple Up-side-Down-Shakes, and IT! Then I discover IT has already been discovered!"



"IT is a Seven-Up 'Float'!  
The big secret is Seven-Up  
and ice cream. It's so delicious!"

Copyright 1959 by The Seven-Up Company

You can make a Seven-Up "Float". Put a scoop of your favorite flavor ice cream or sherbet in a tall glass, and fill with chilled, sparkling 7-Up. Yum fun!  
Nothing does it like Seven-Up!



See Freddie on TV! Watch Zorro\* . . . from Walt Disney Studios every week on ABC-TV

\*Copyright 1957 Walt Disney Productions



# Mouse Musketeers

in  
**UNEASY RESTS  
THE HEAD**



HIS HIGHNESS'S  
HEADACHE SEEMS  
TO GET WORSE  
EVERY DAY!

OOOOH,  
MY HEAD!

I KNOW WHAT'S CAUSING THE  
PAIN IN THE ROYAL PATE,  
MY FRIEND!

OUI! IT IS  
QUITE  
OBVIOUS,  
LITTLE  
ONE!



OW! CAN'T *SOMEBODY*  
CURE IT?

WE CAN, YOUR  
MAJESTY!



WELL, DON'T JUST  
*STAND* THERE...



DO IT!

THAT SOUNDS  
LIKE AN  
ORDER!



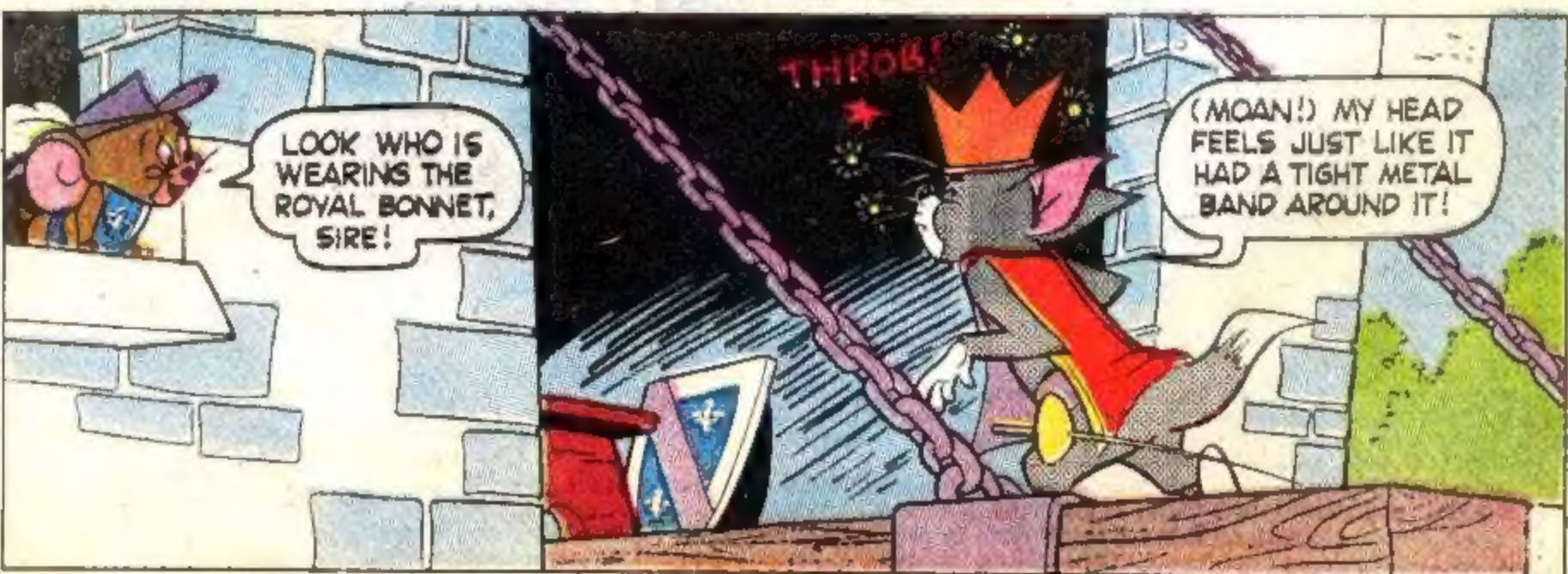
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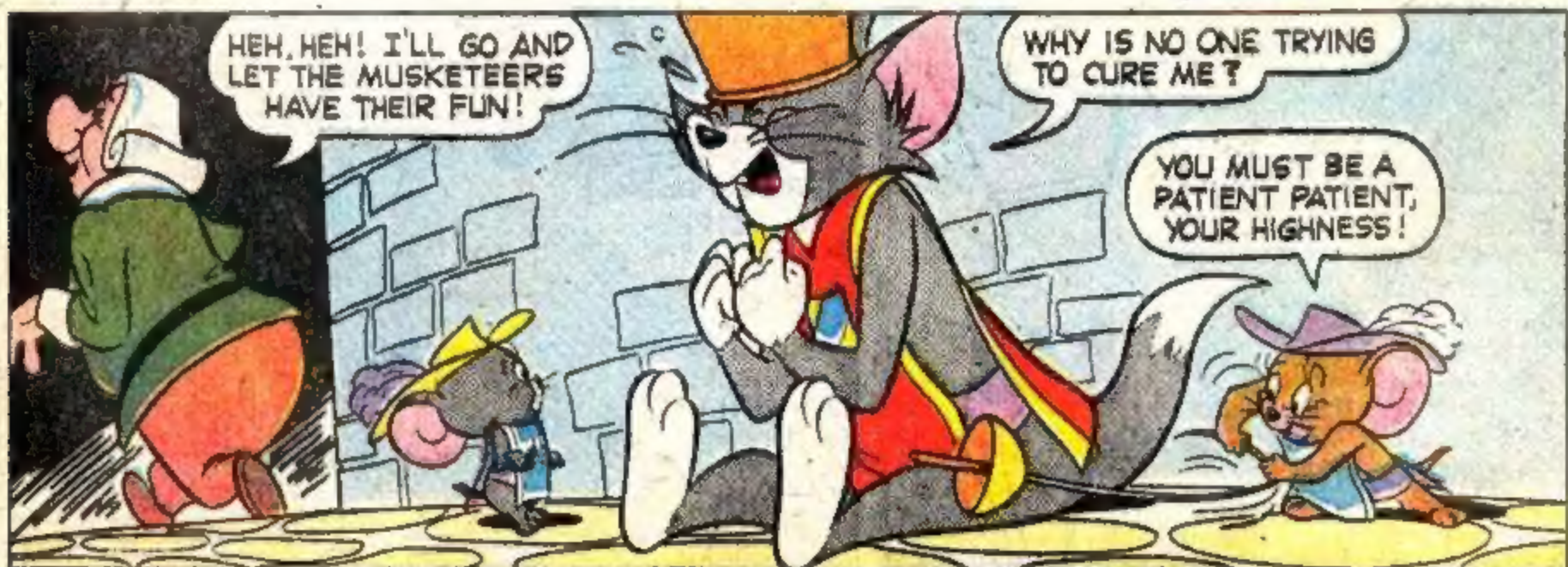
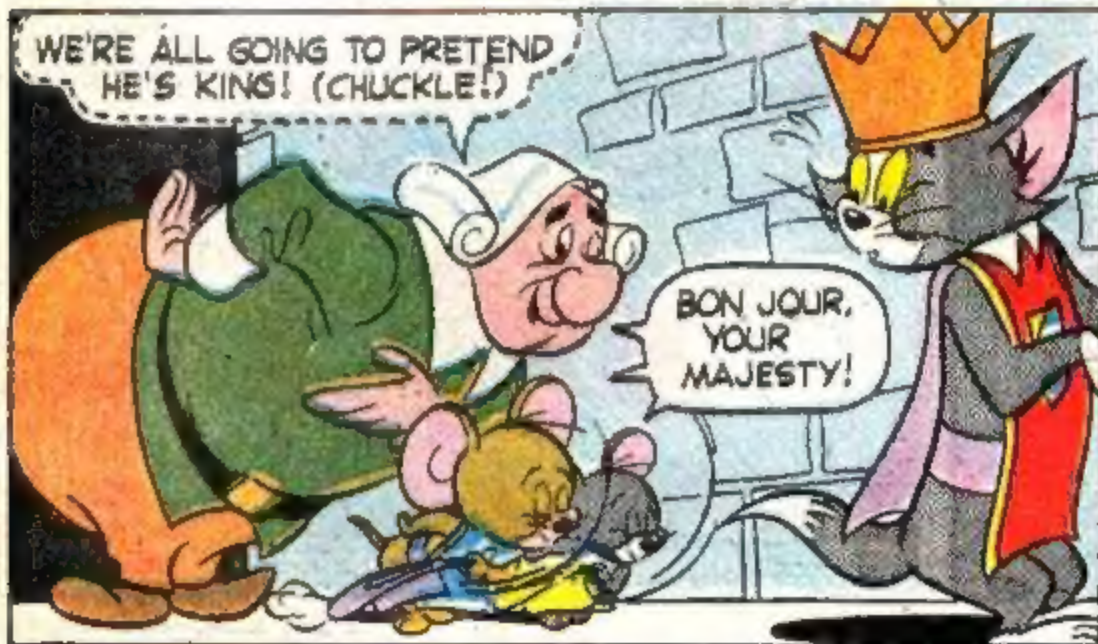
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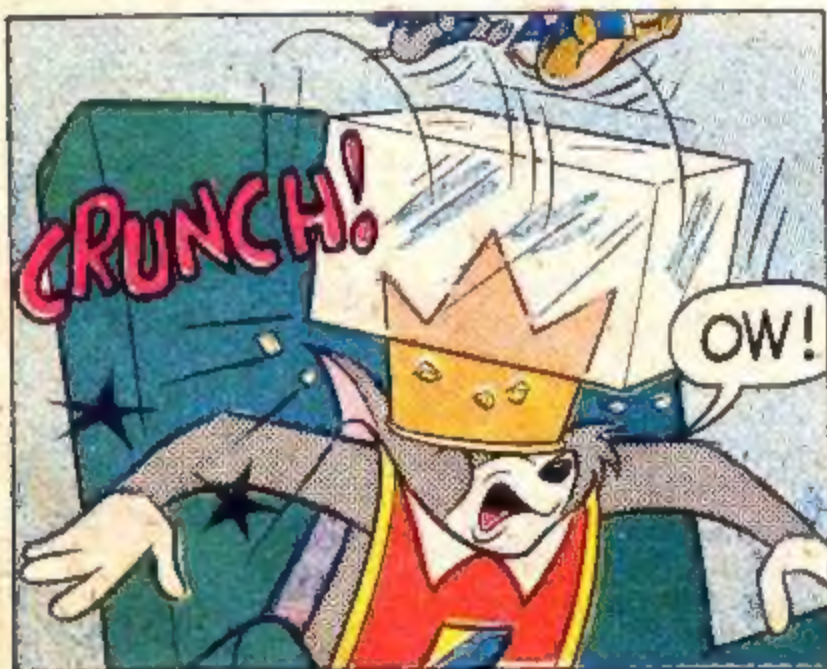
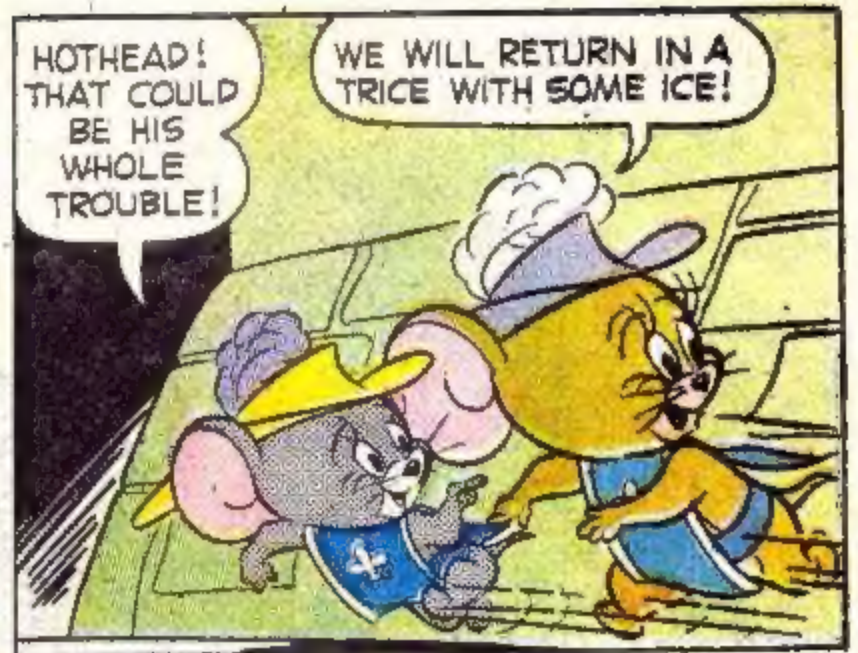




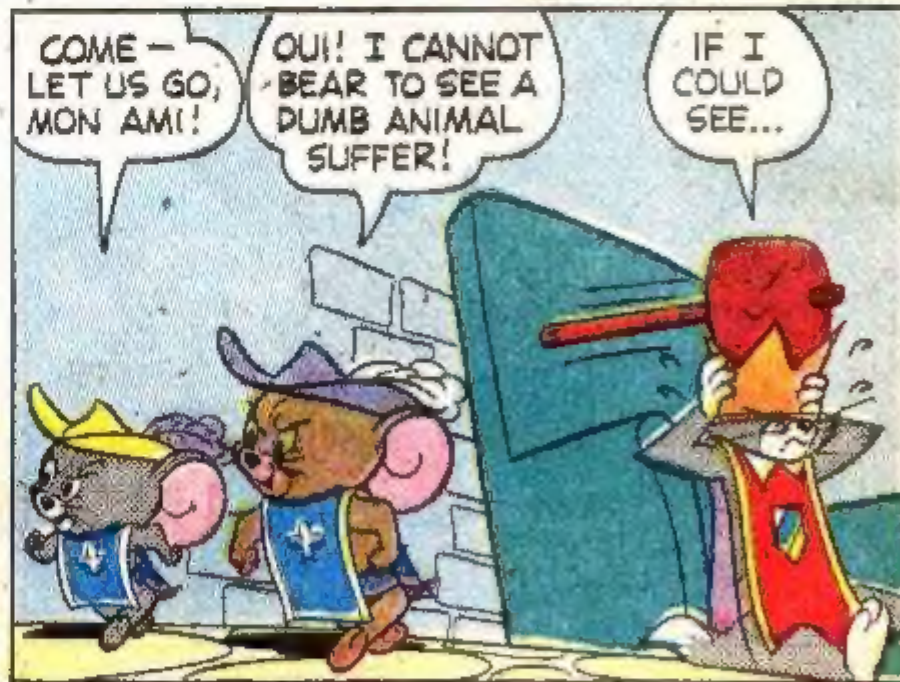
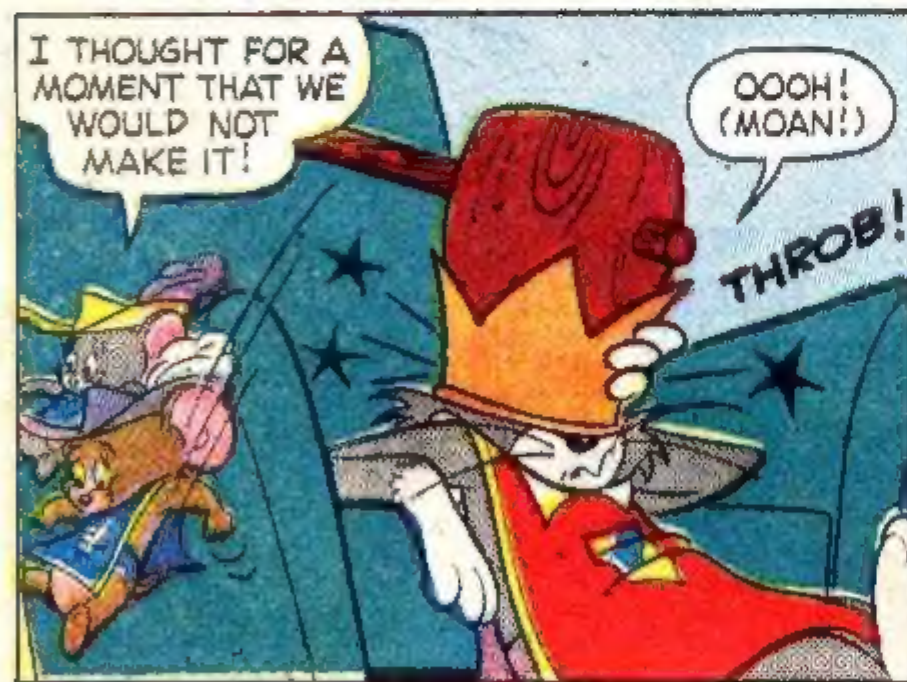
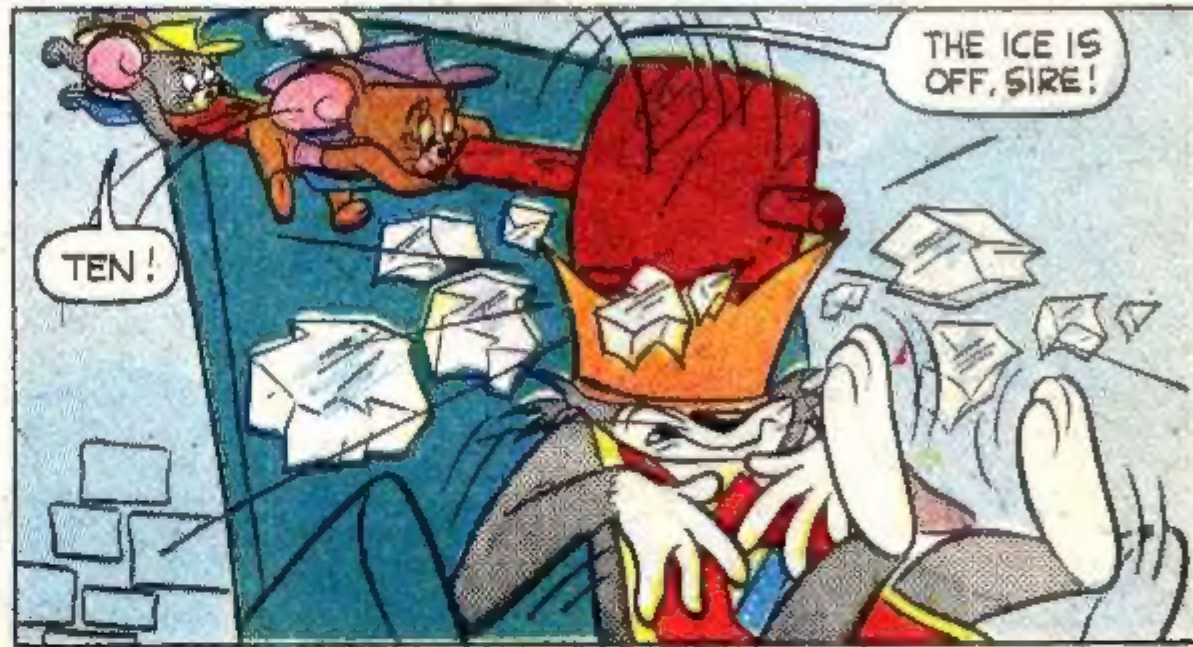




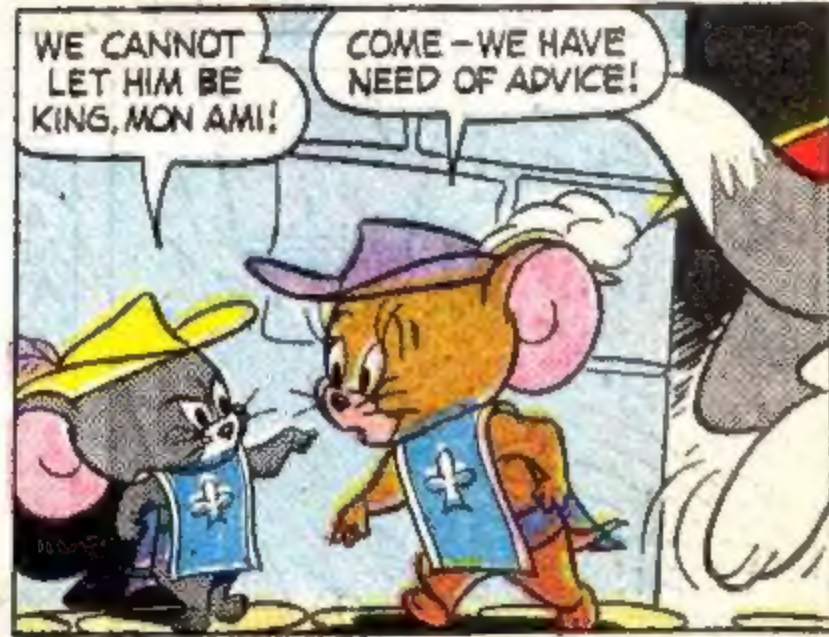
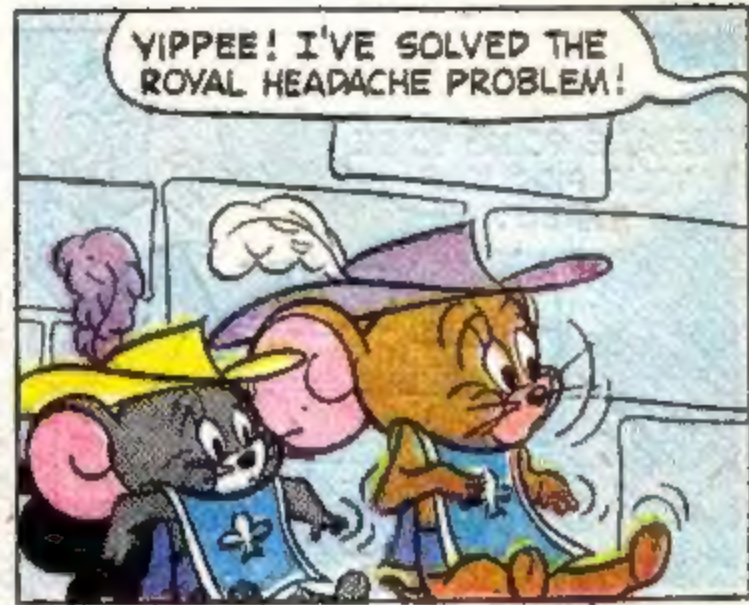




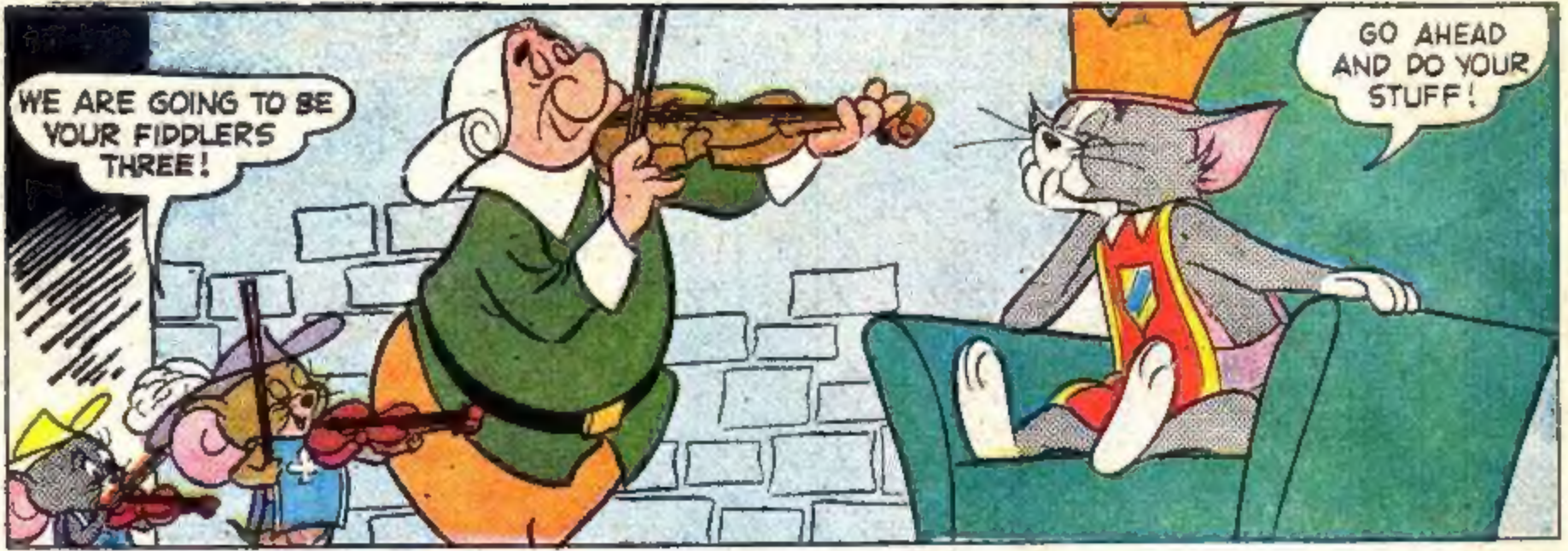












WE ARE GOING TO BE YOUR FIDDLERS THREE!

GO AHEAD AND DO YOUR STUFF!



SCREEEK!  
SCRINNK!  
SCRAPE!

OUCH!



HEADSPLITTING, ISN'T IT?

AND WE NEVER HAD A LESSON IN OUR LIVES!

STOP!

SCREEE!



FLIP!

?



A STRAW CROWN! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT?



THANKS, POOSYCAT!

THIS DREAM SURE GOT MESSSED UP!



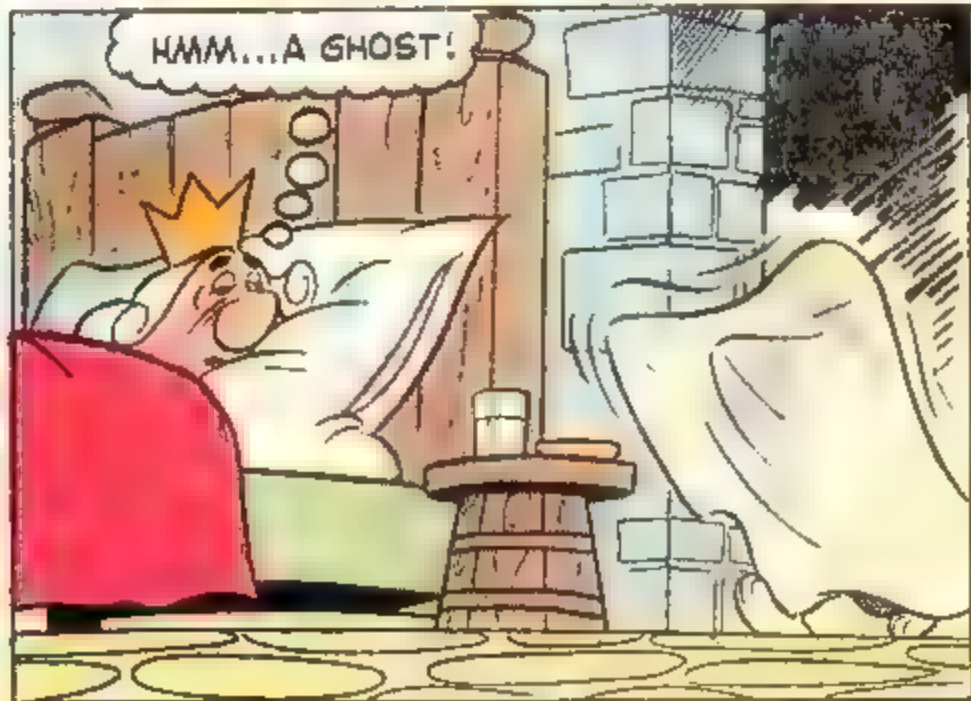
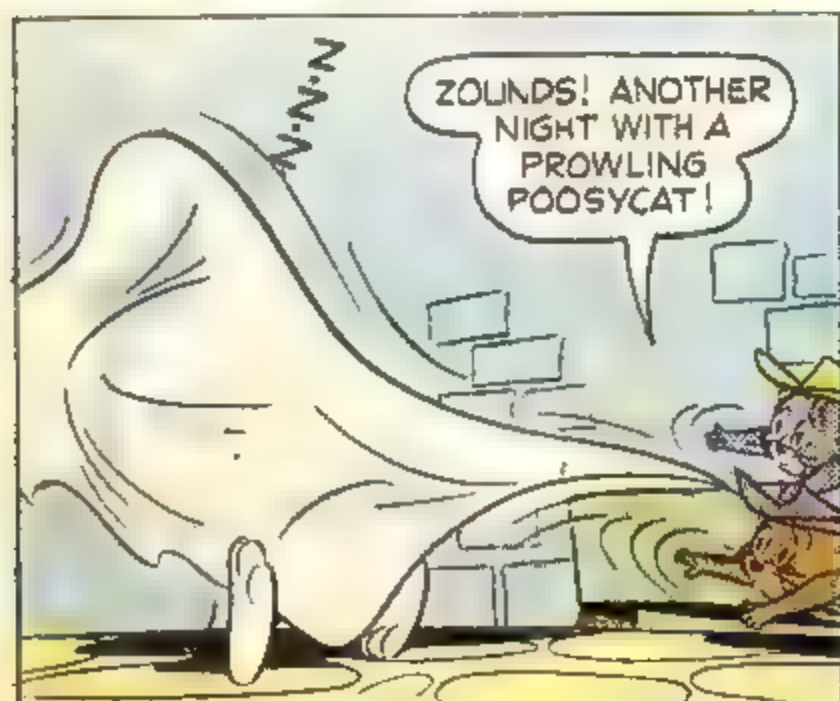
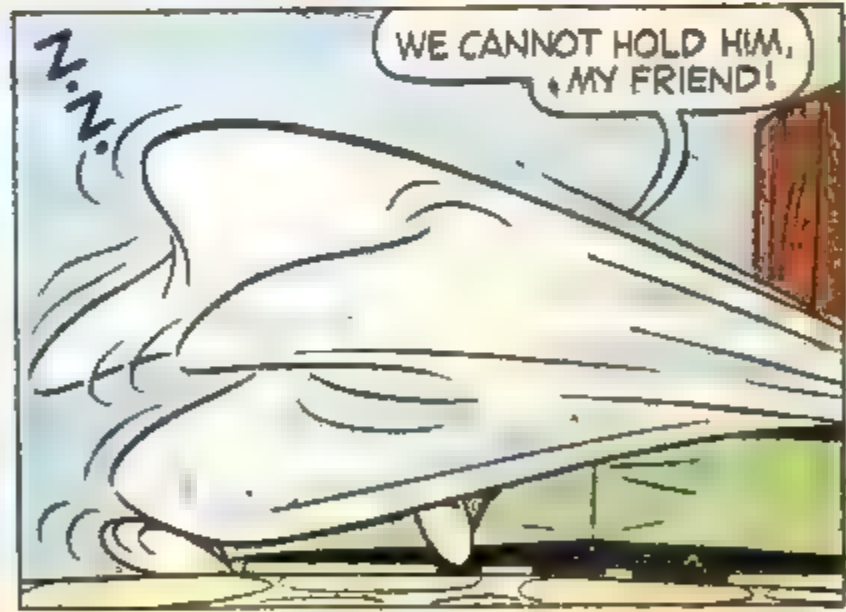
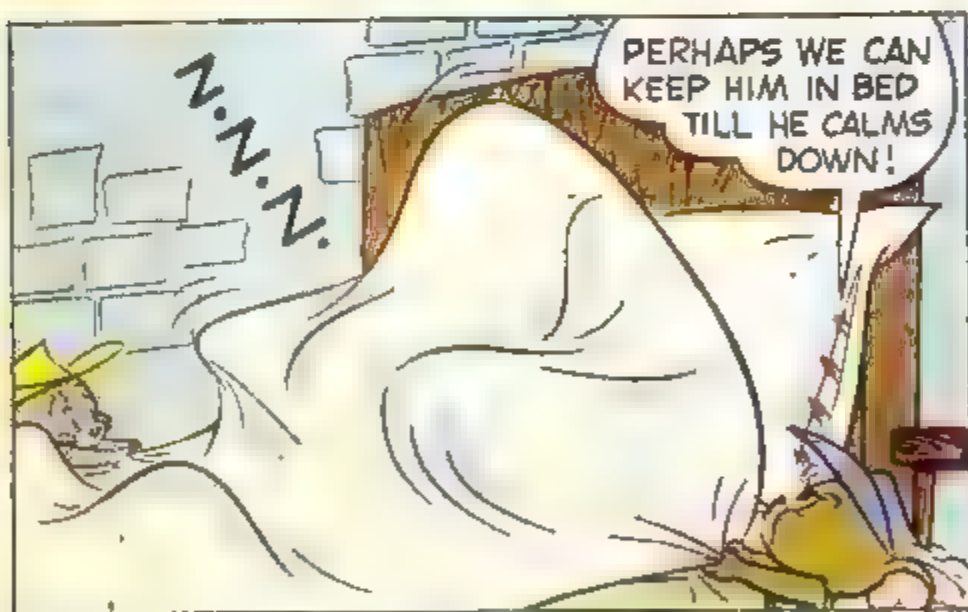
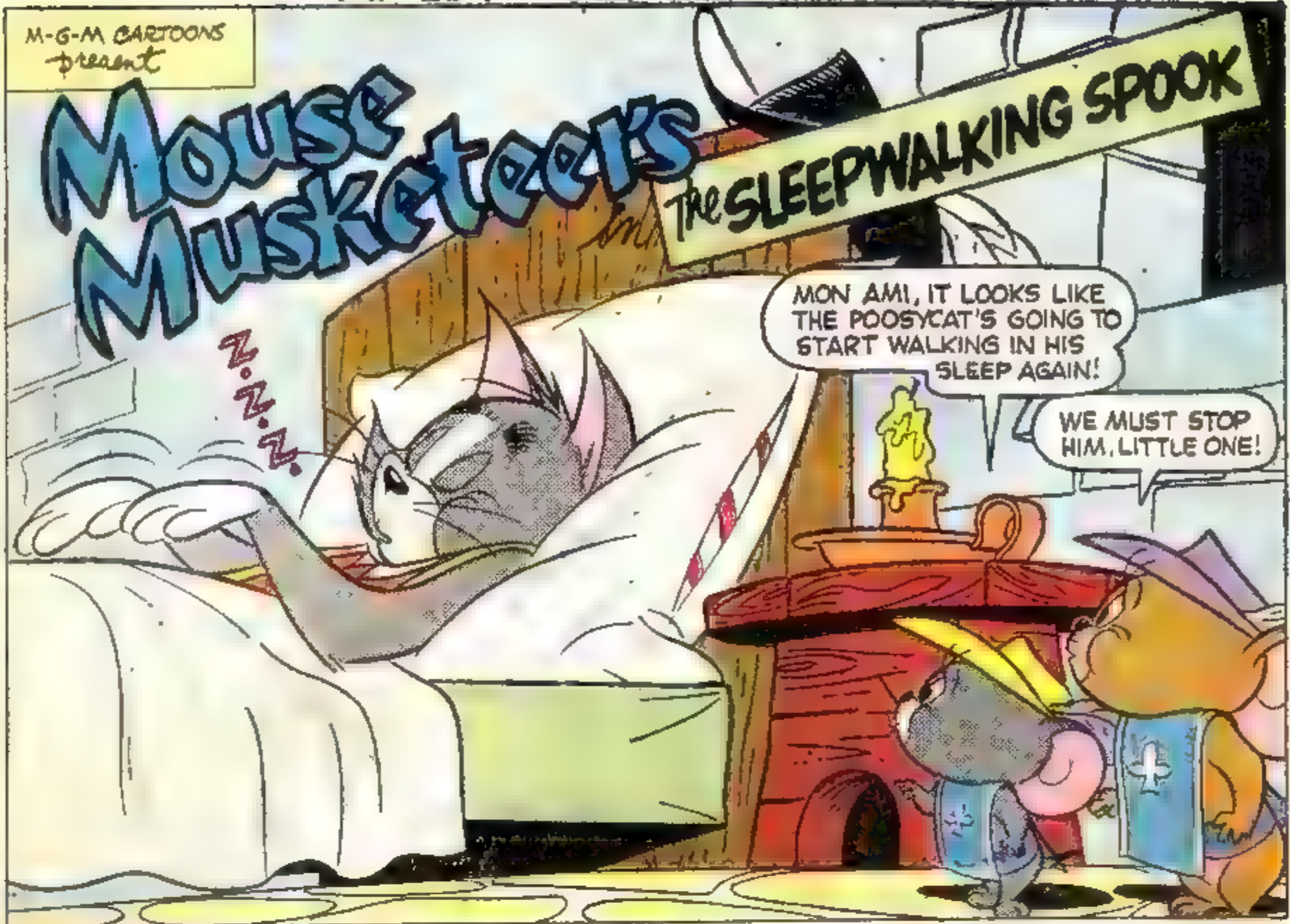
YOU ARE NOT GOING TO WEAR IT ANY MORE, POOSYCAT?

GET AWAY WITH THAT THING! I'LL TRY TO HAVE A DREAM THAT TURNS OUT BETTER!

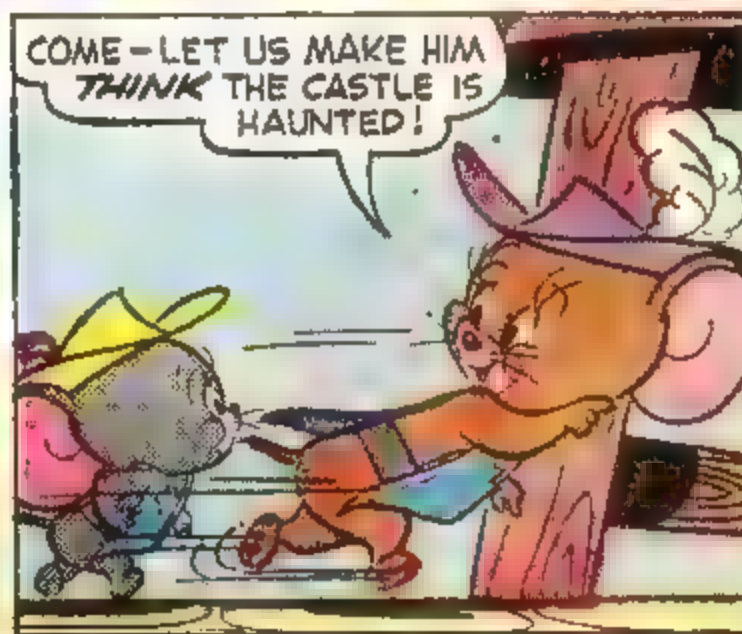
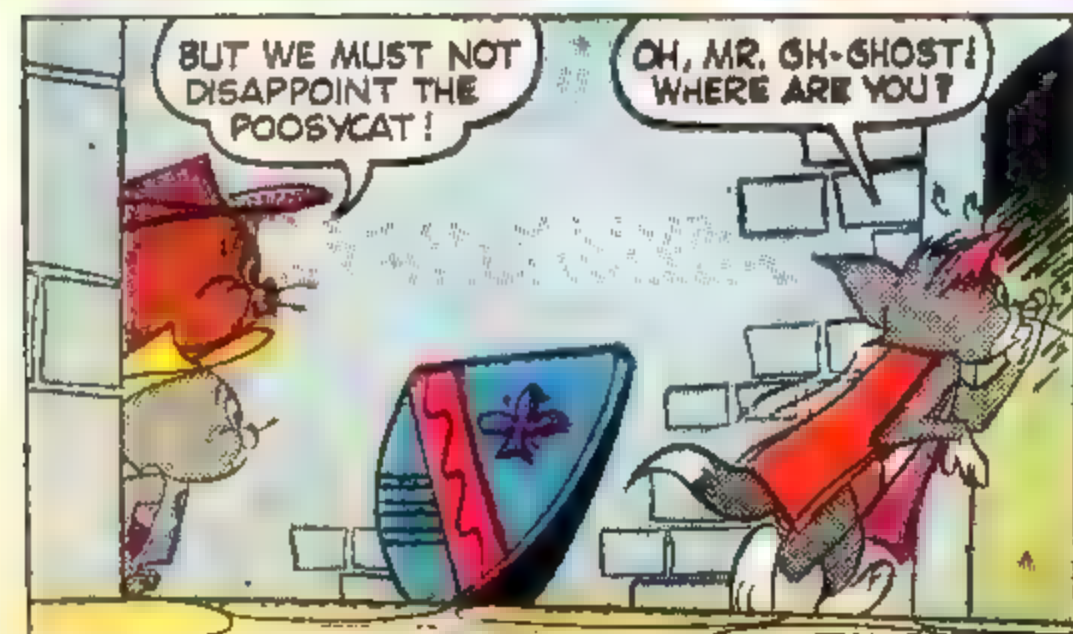
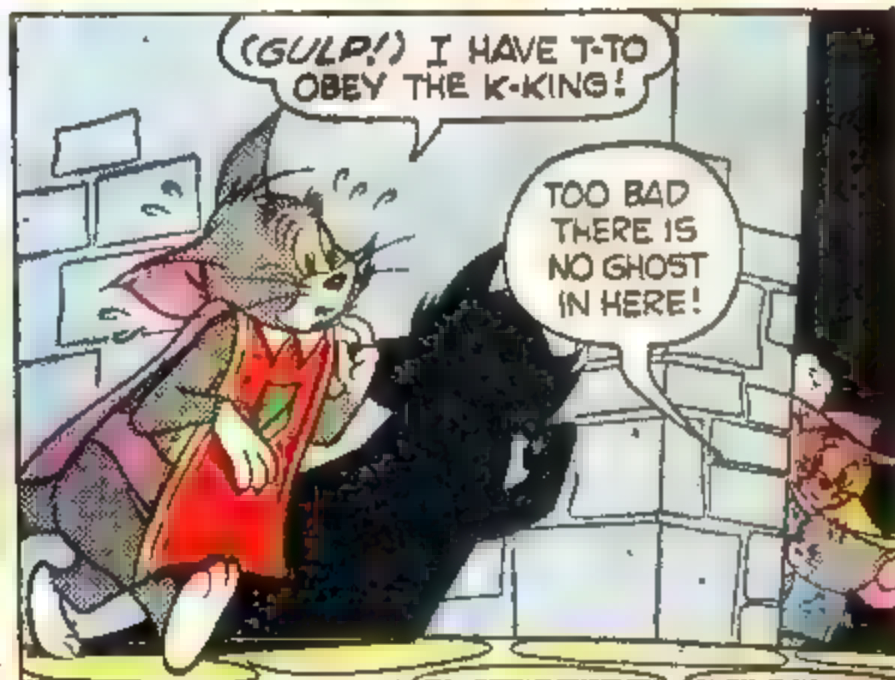
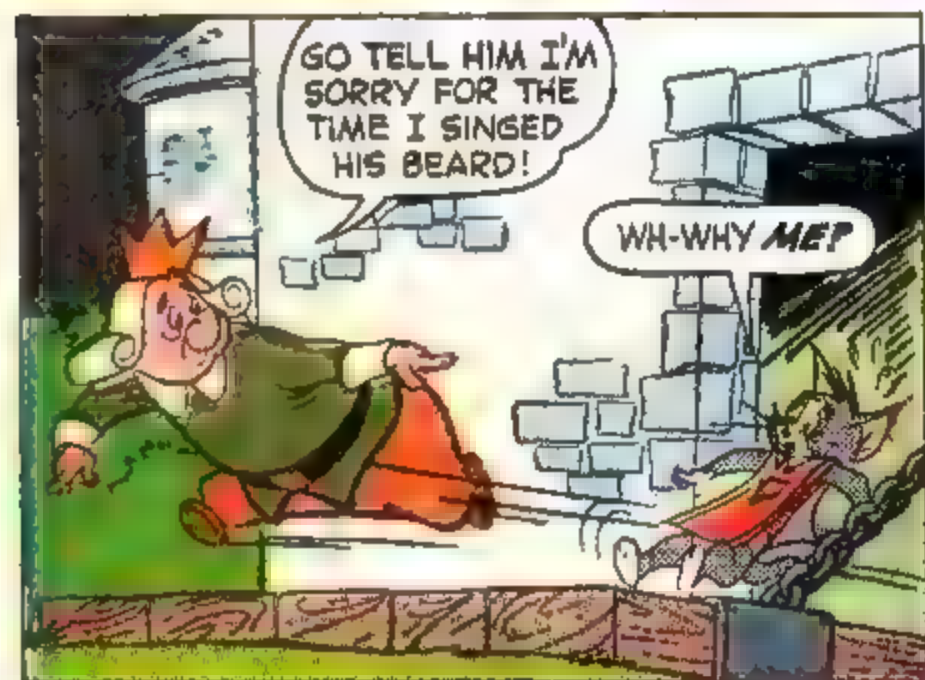
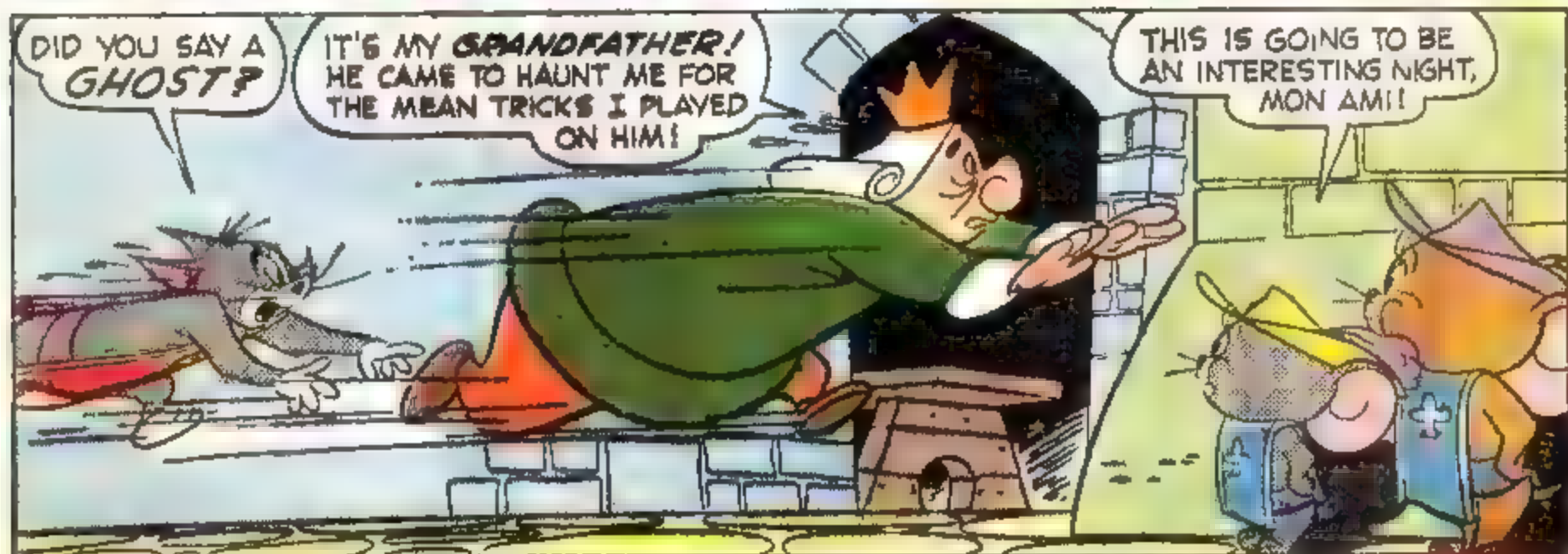
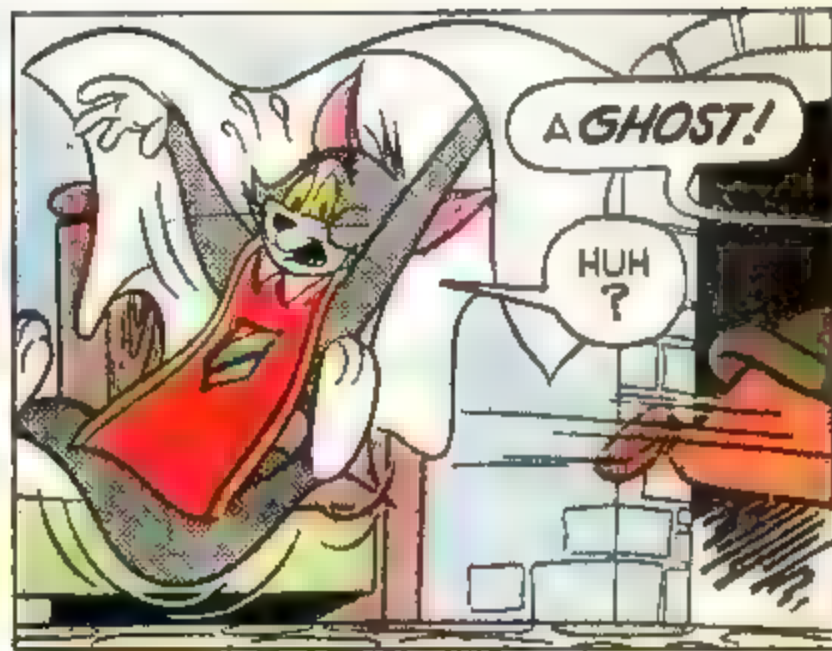


# Mouse Musketeers

## The SLEEPWALKING SPOOK





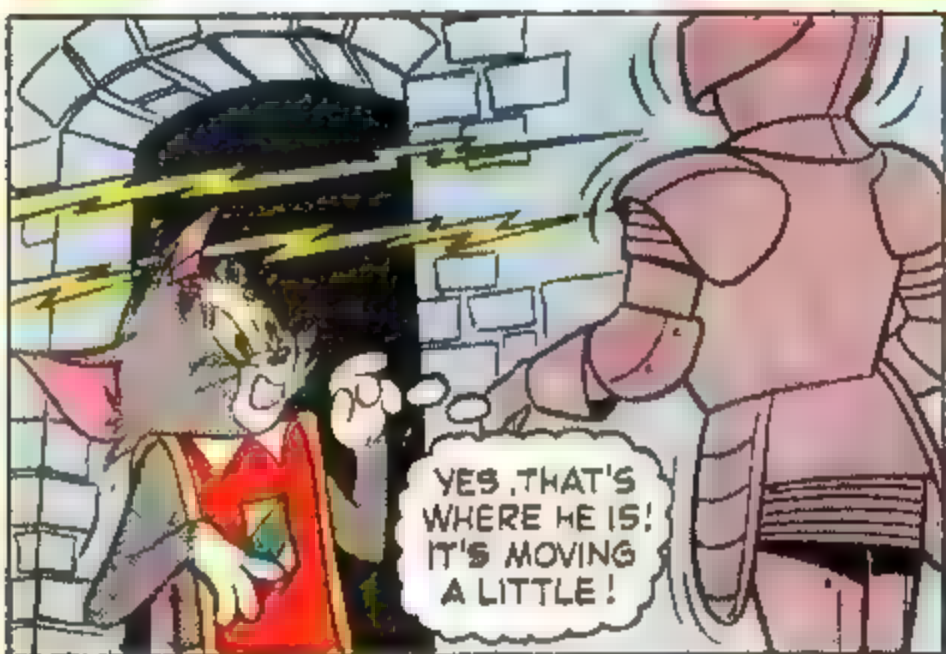






ARE YOU IN YOUR OLD  
S-SUIT OF ARMOR,  
MR. GHOST-SIR?

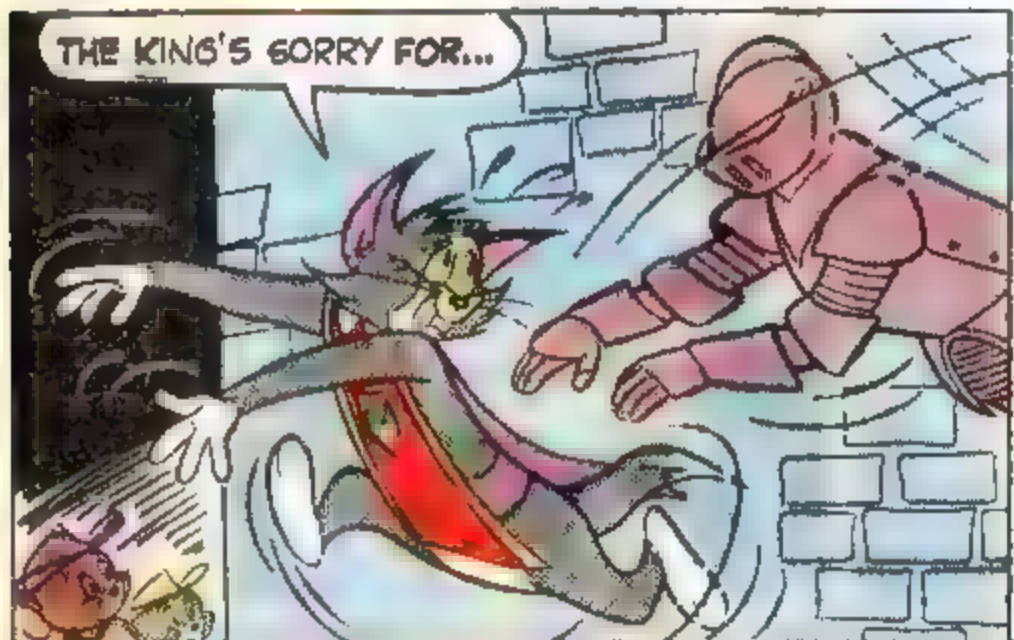
THIS IS AS GOOD  
A PLACE AS ANY  
TO FIND A  
GHOST!



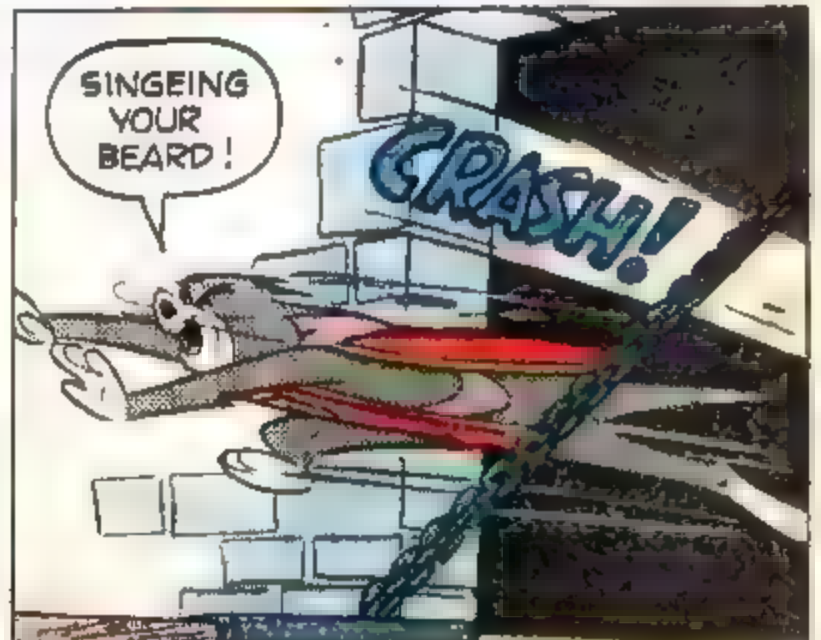
YES, THAT'S  
WHERE HE IS!  
IT'S MOVING  
A LITTLE!



NOW T-TAKE IT EASY!  
I JUST CAME TO  
T-TELL YOU...

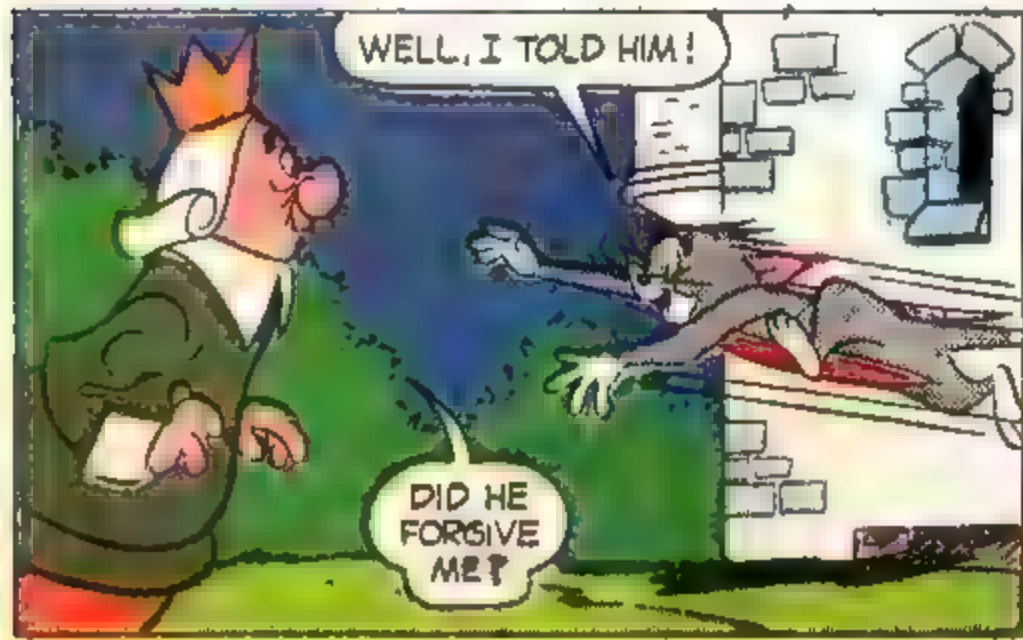


THE KING'S SORRY FOR...



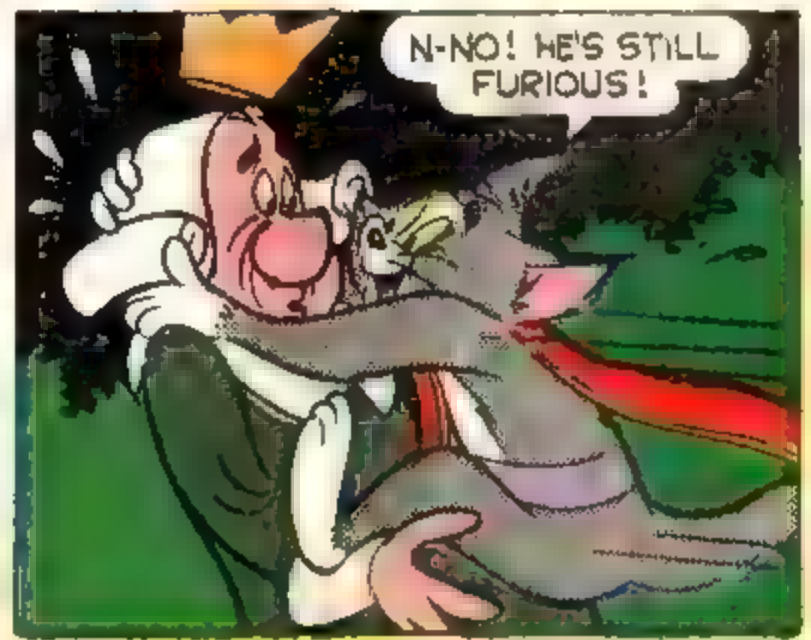
SINGEING  
YOUR  
BEARD!

CRASH!



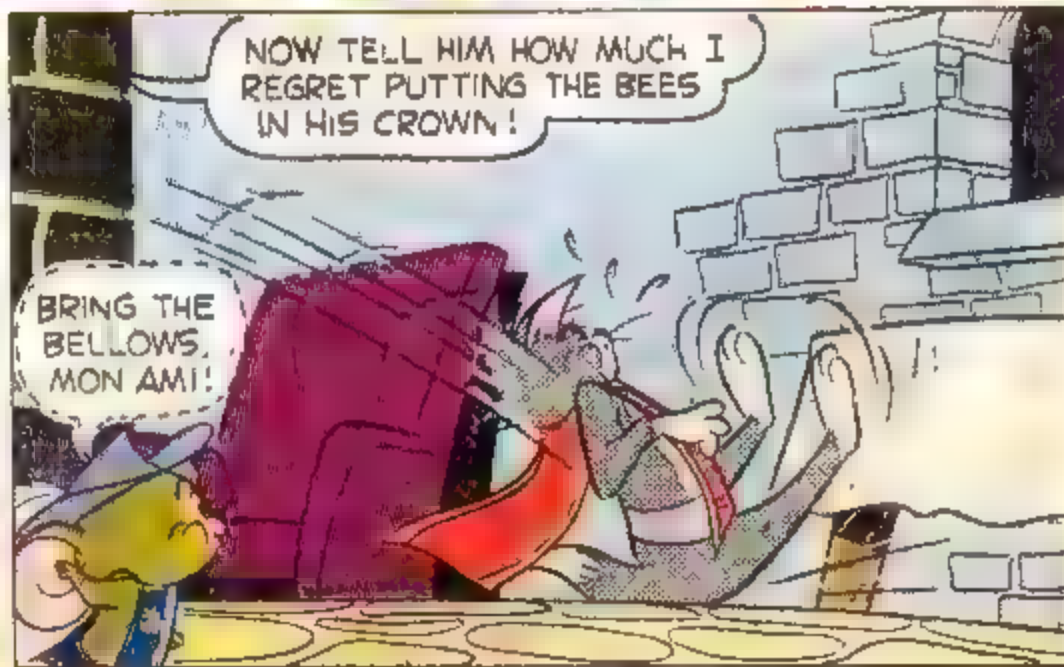
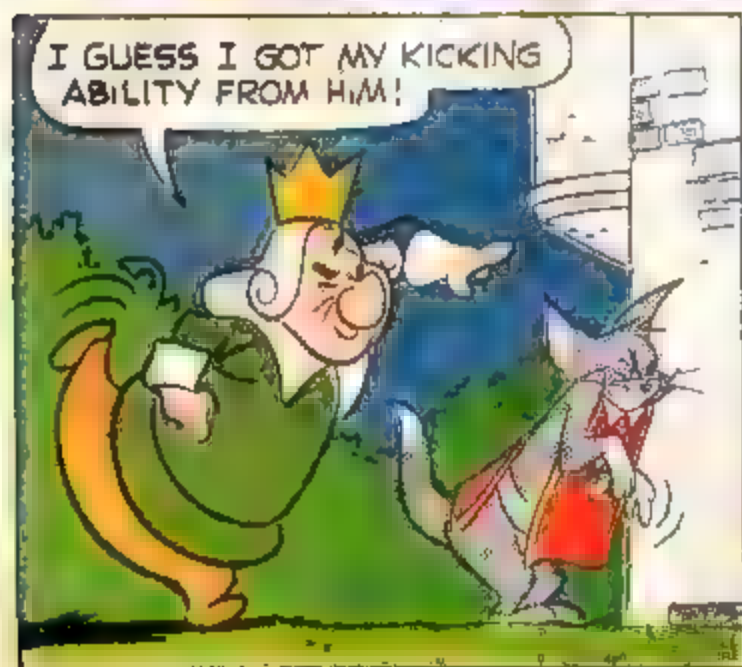
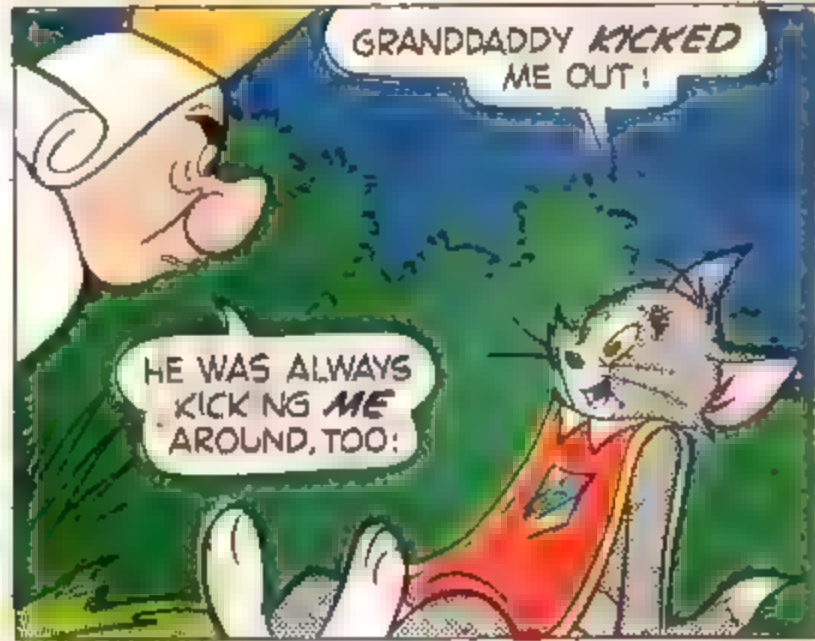
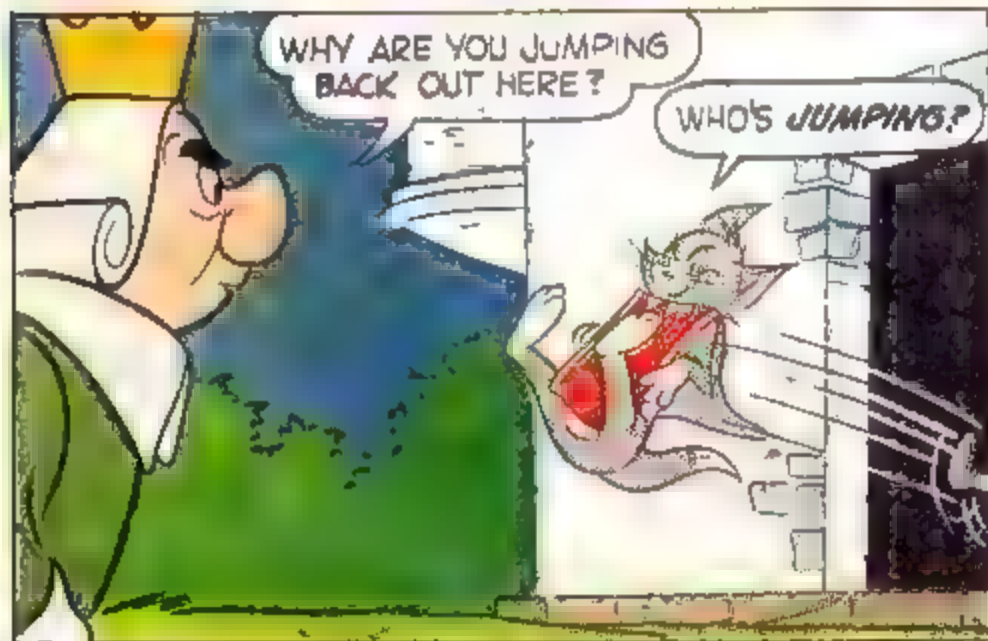
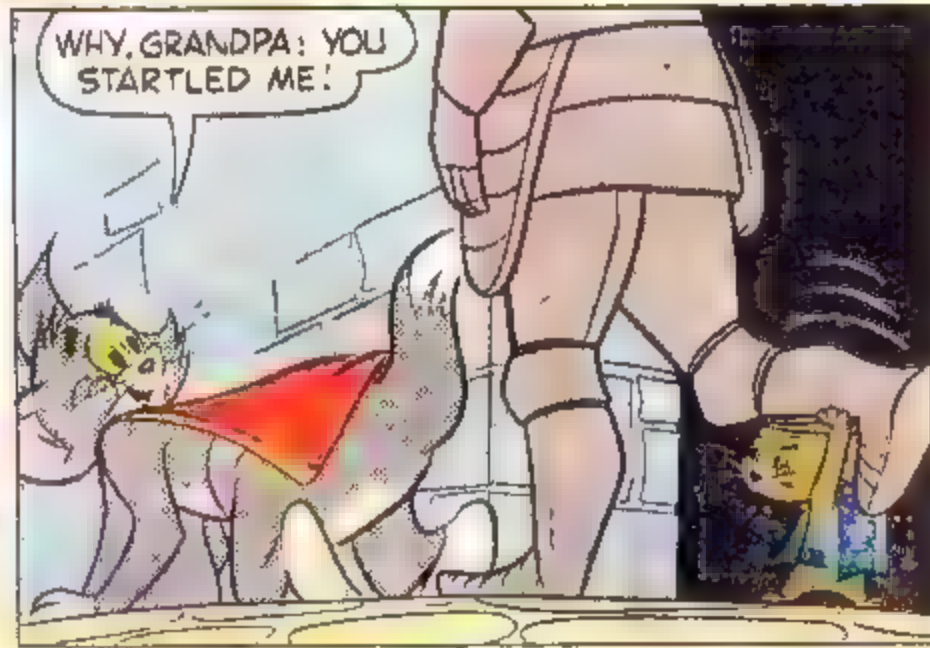
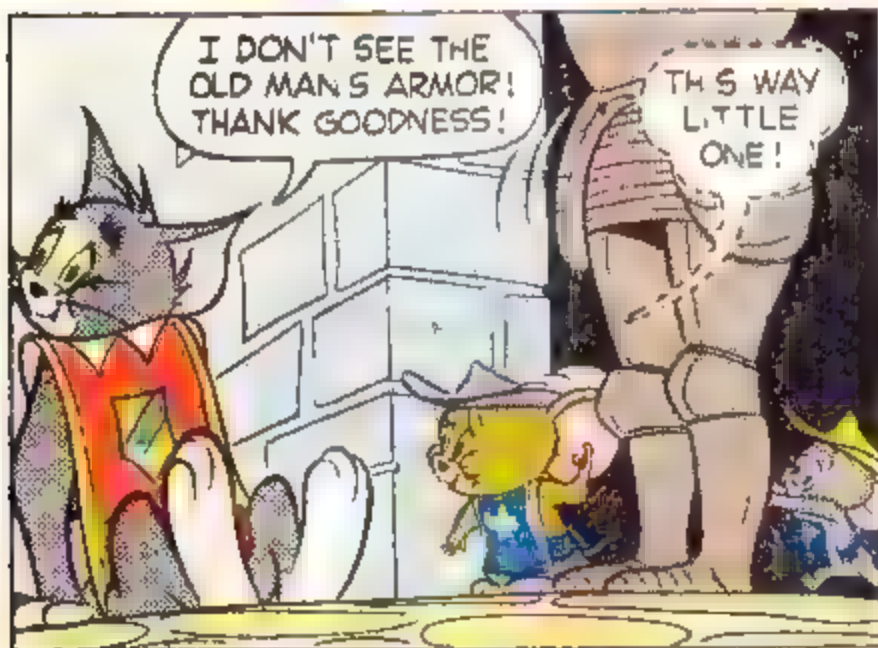
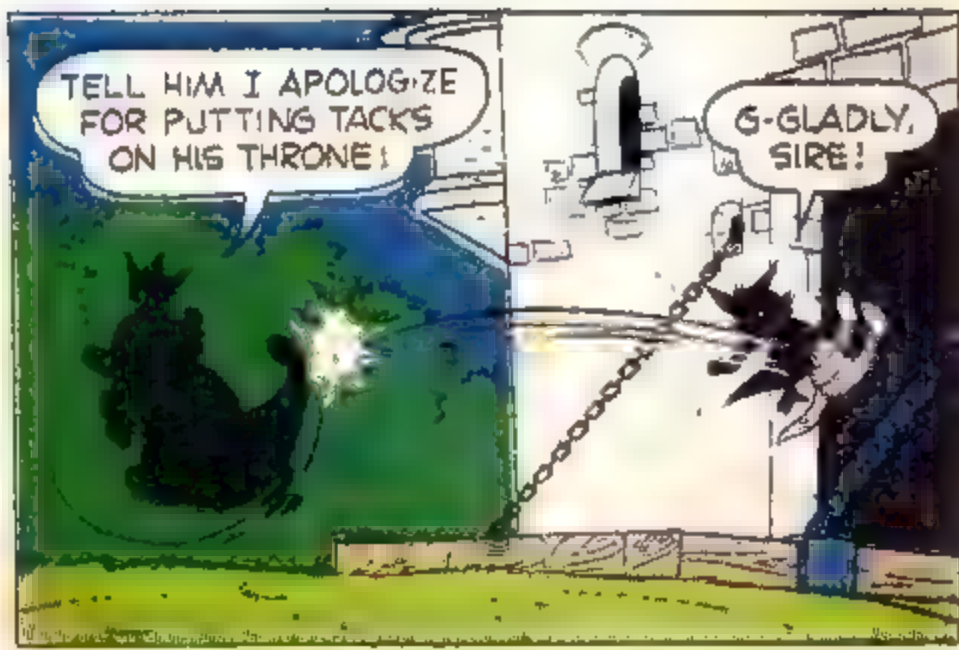
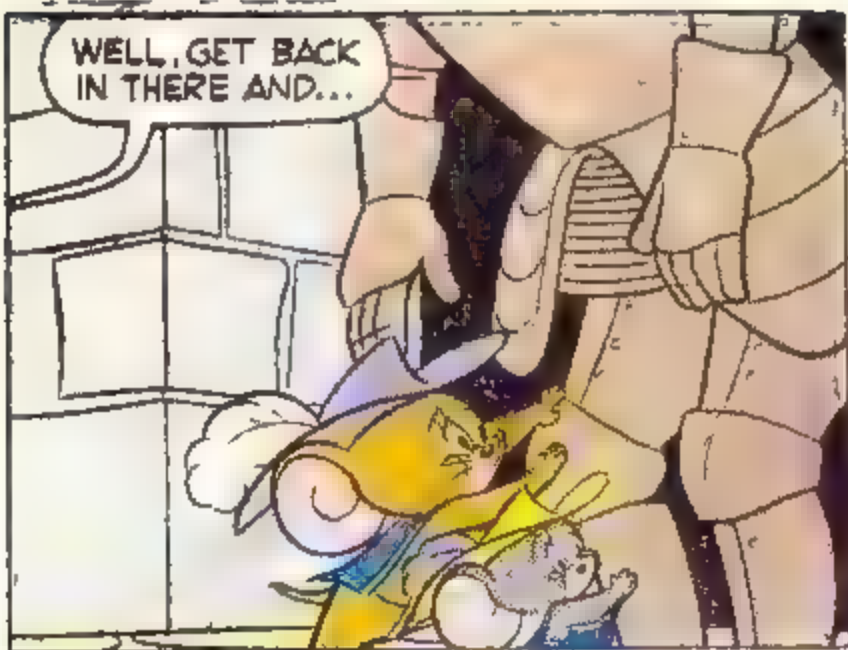
WELL, I TOLD HIM!

DID HE  
FORGIVE  
ME?

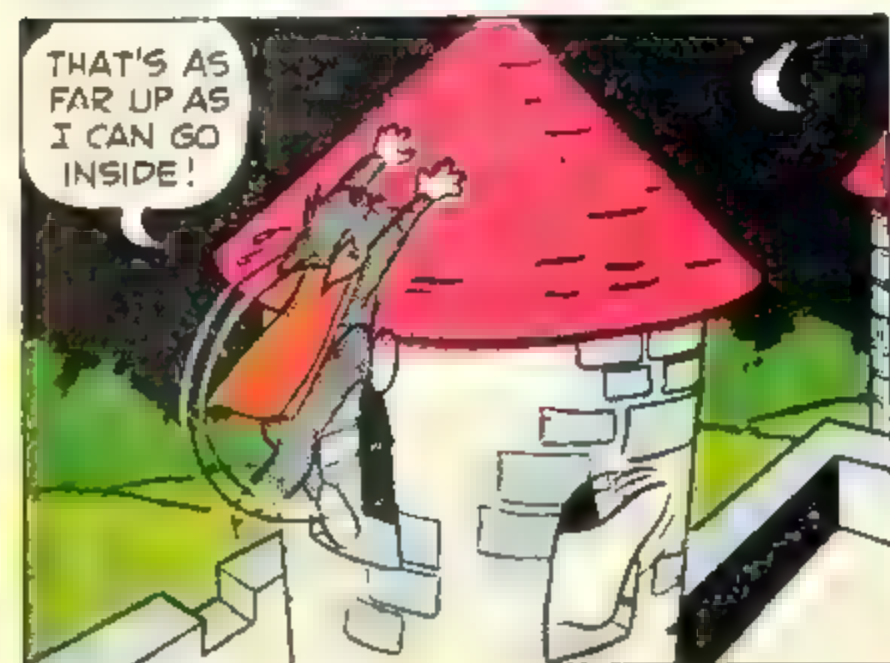
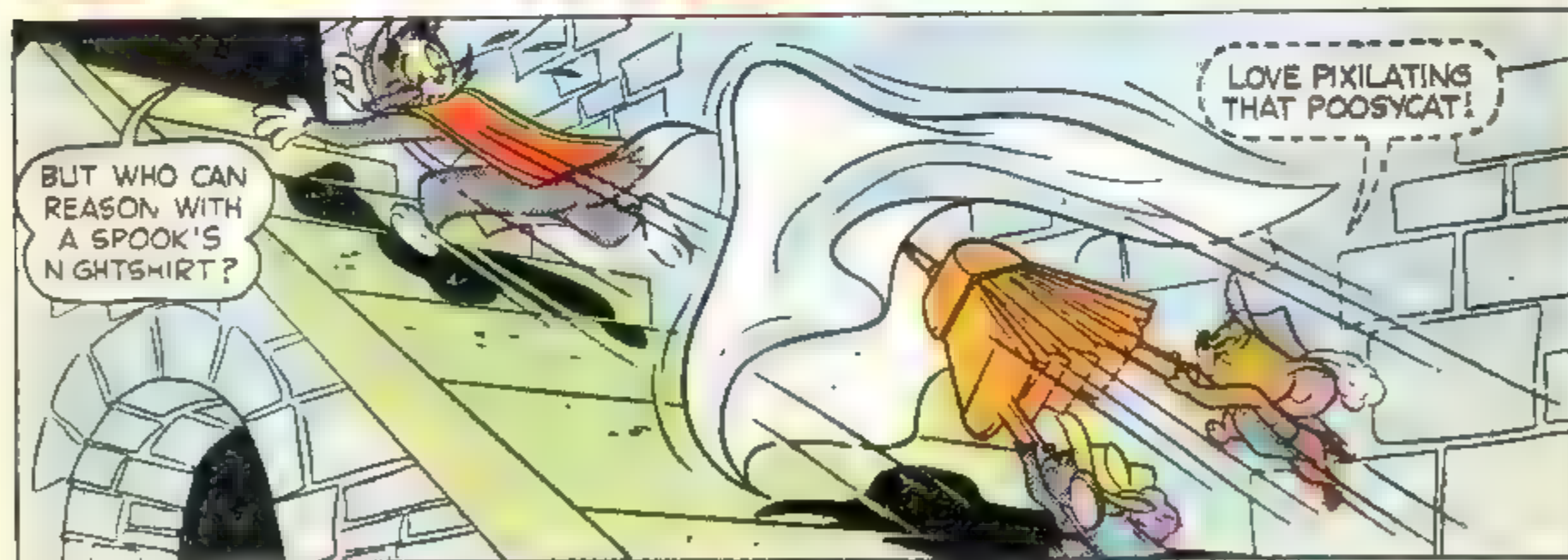
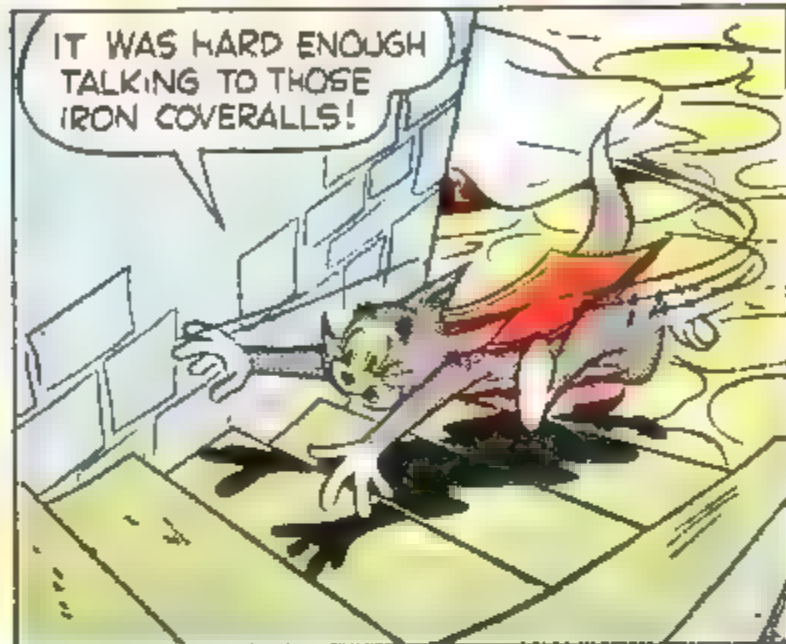
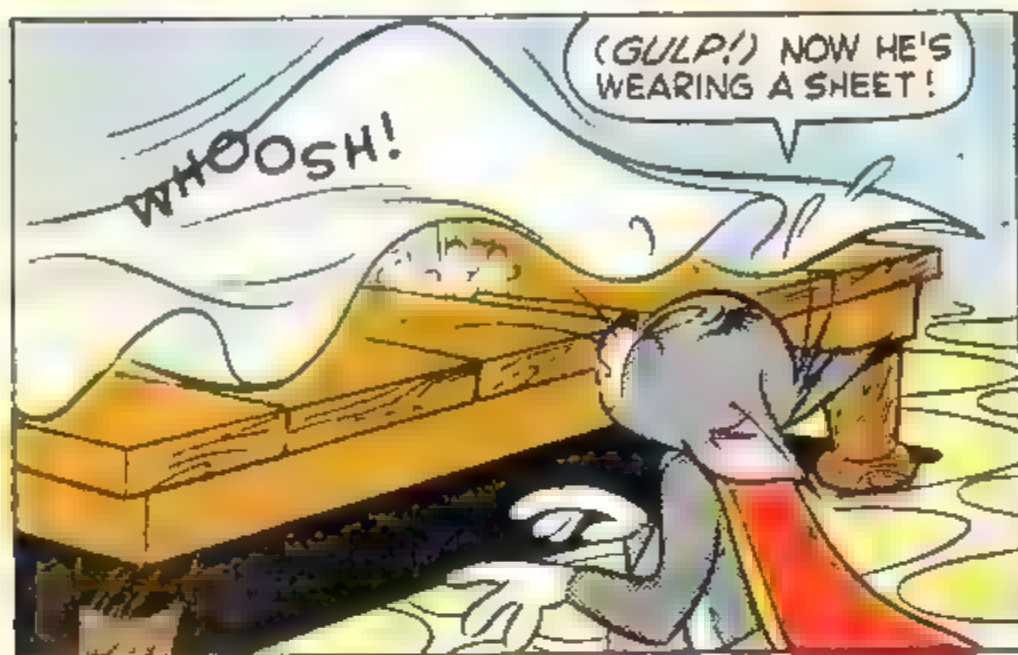
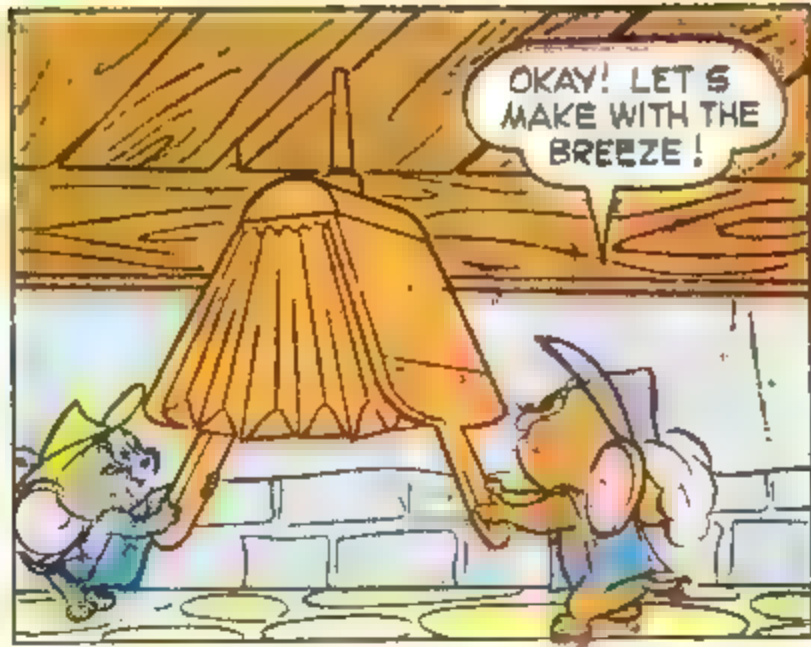


N-NO! HE'S STILL  
FURIOUS!

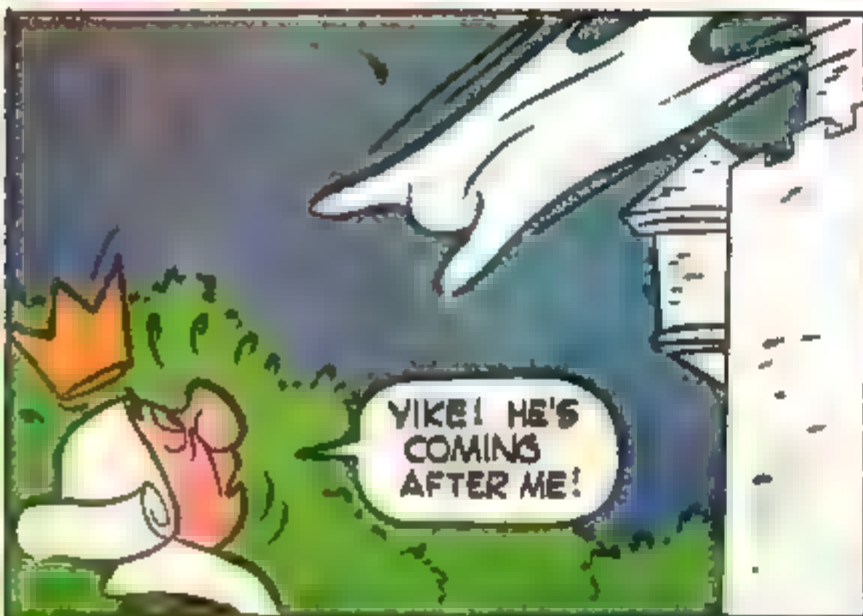
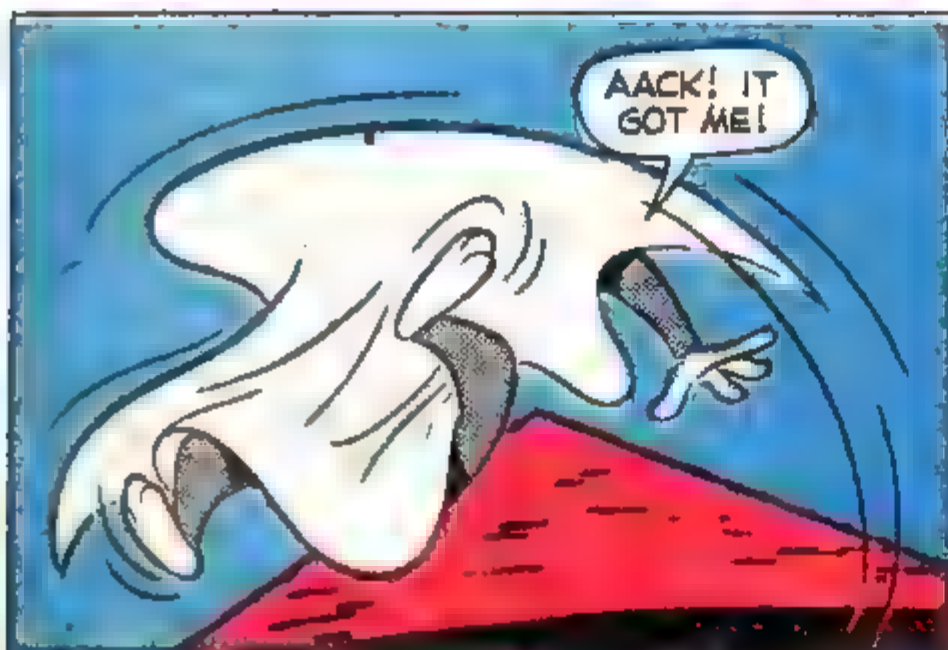
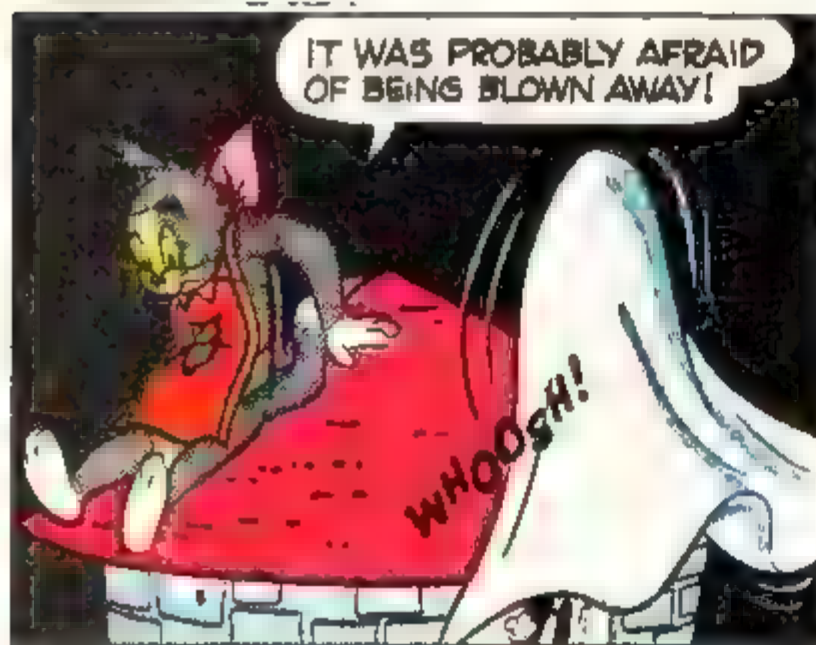




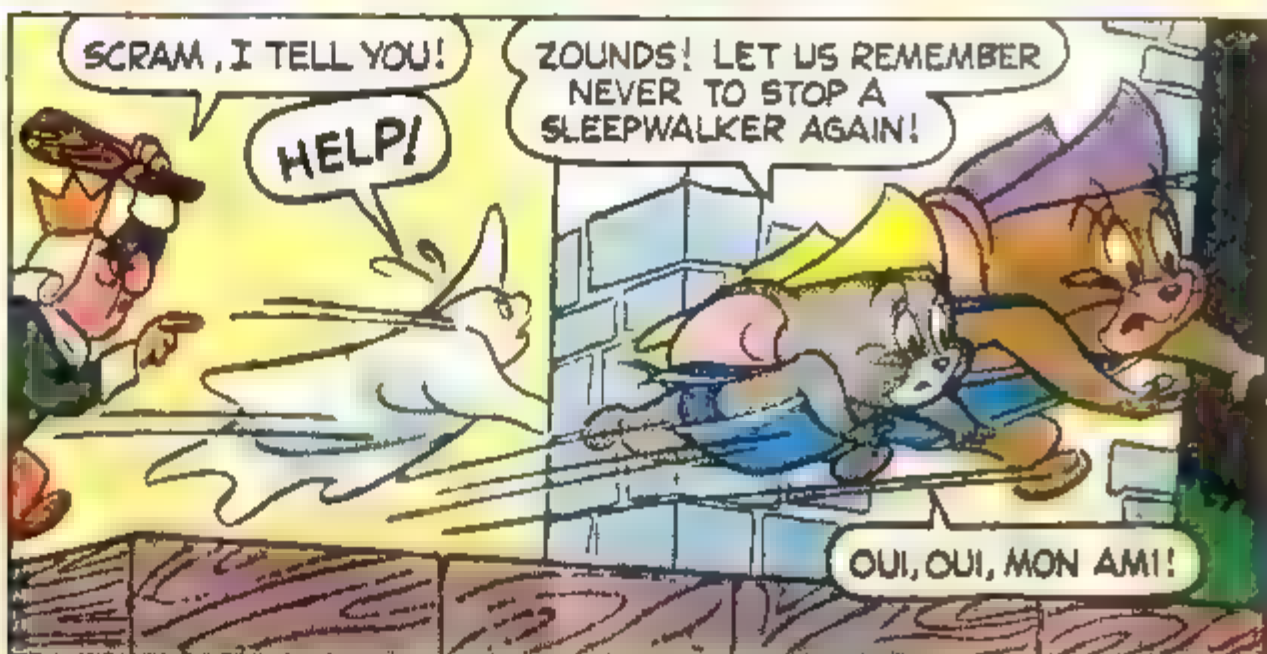
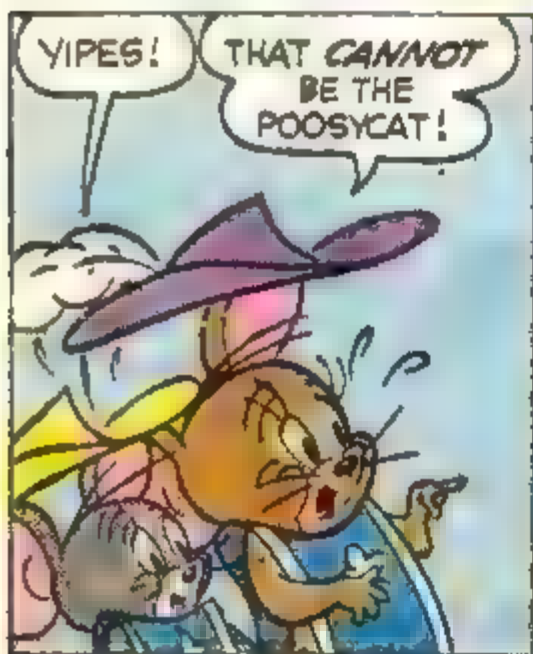
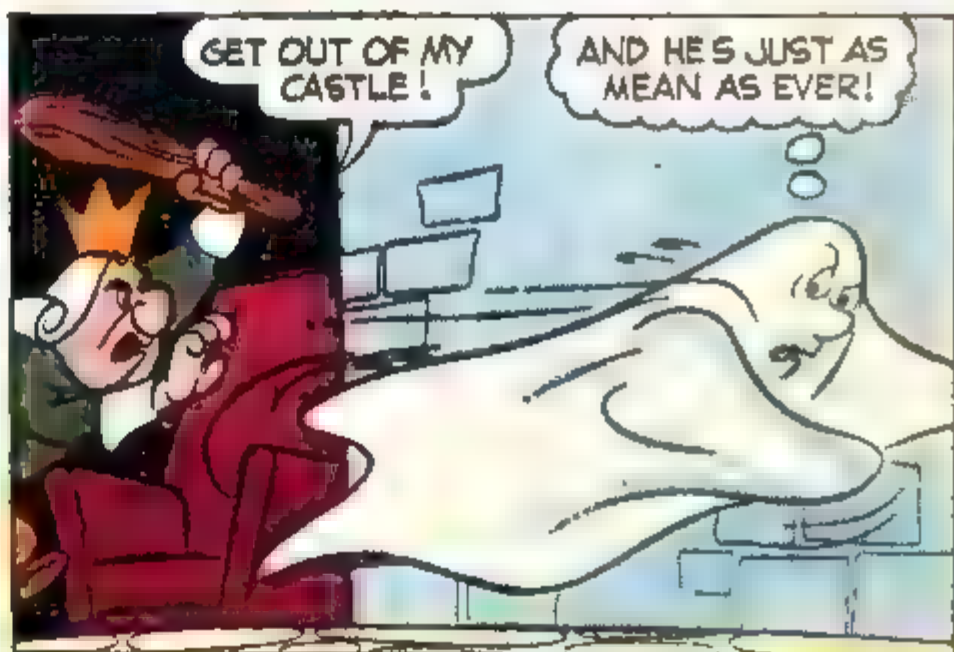
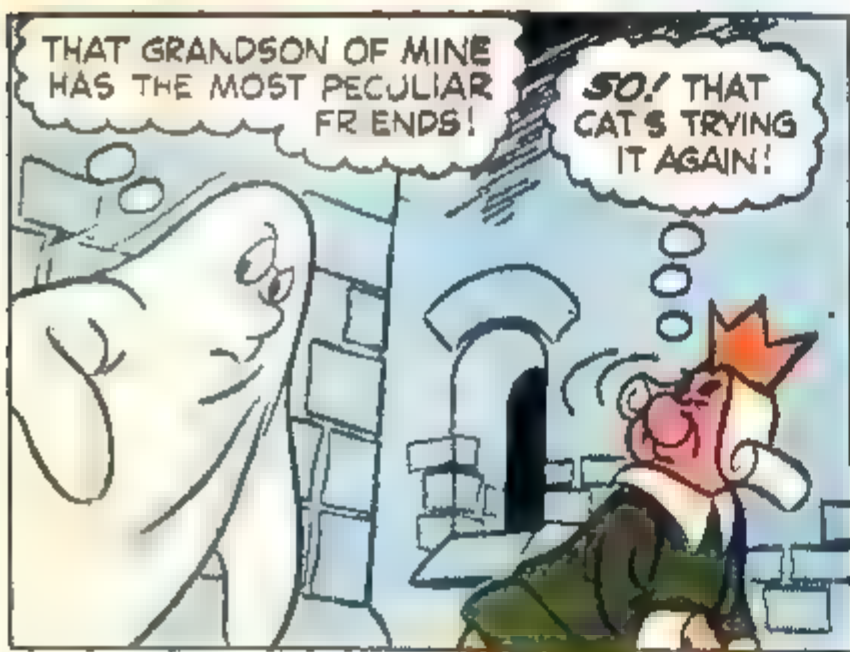
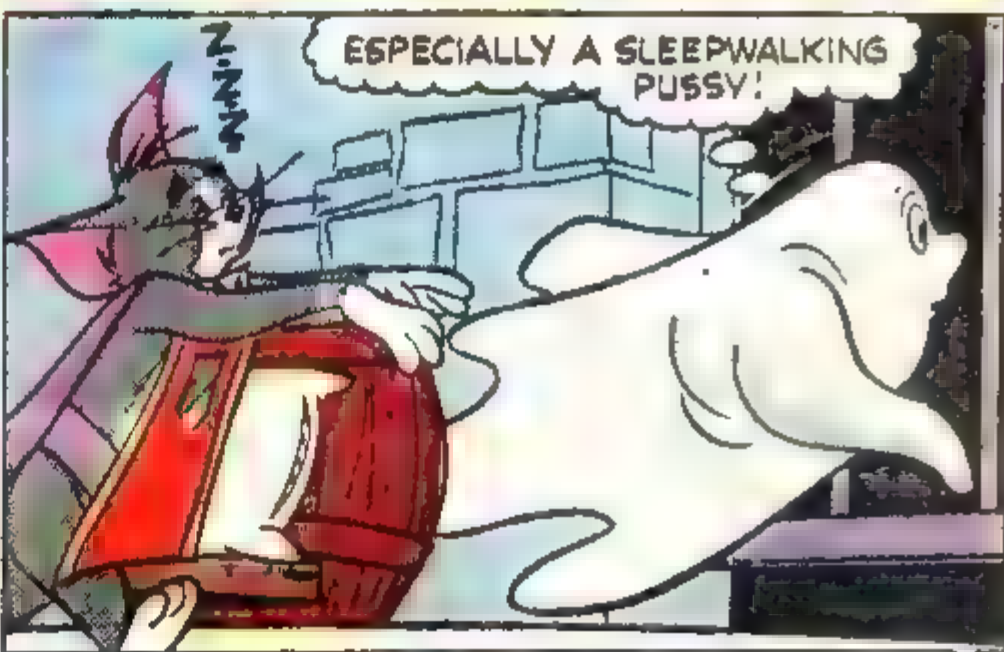
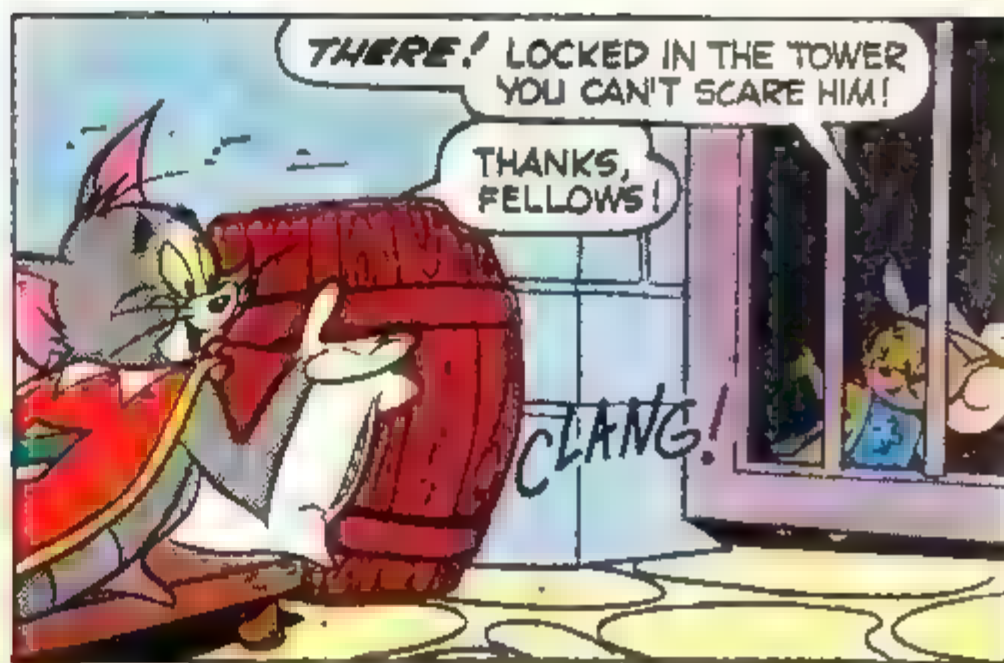
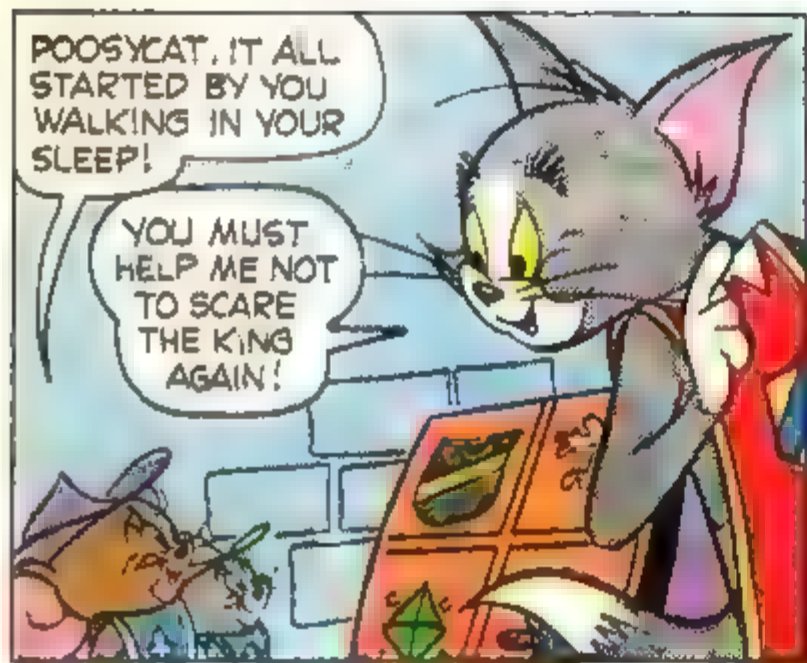














M-G-M CARTOONS

present

# Big SPIKE

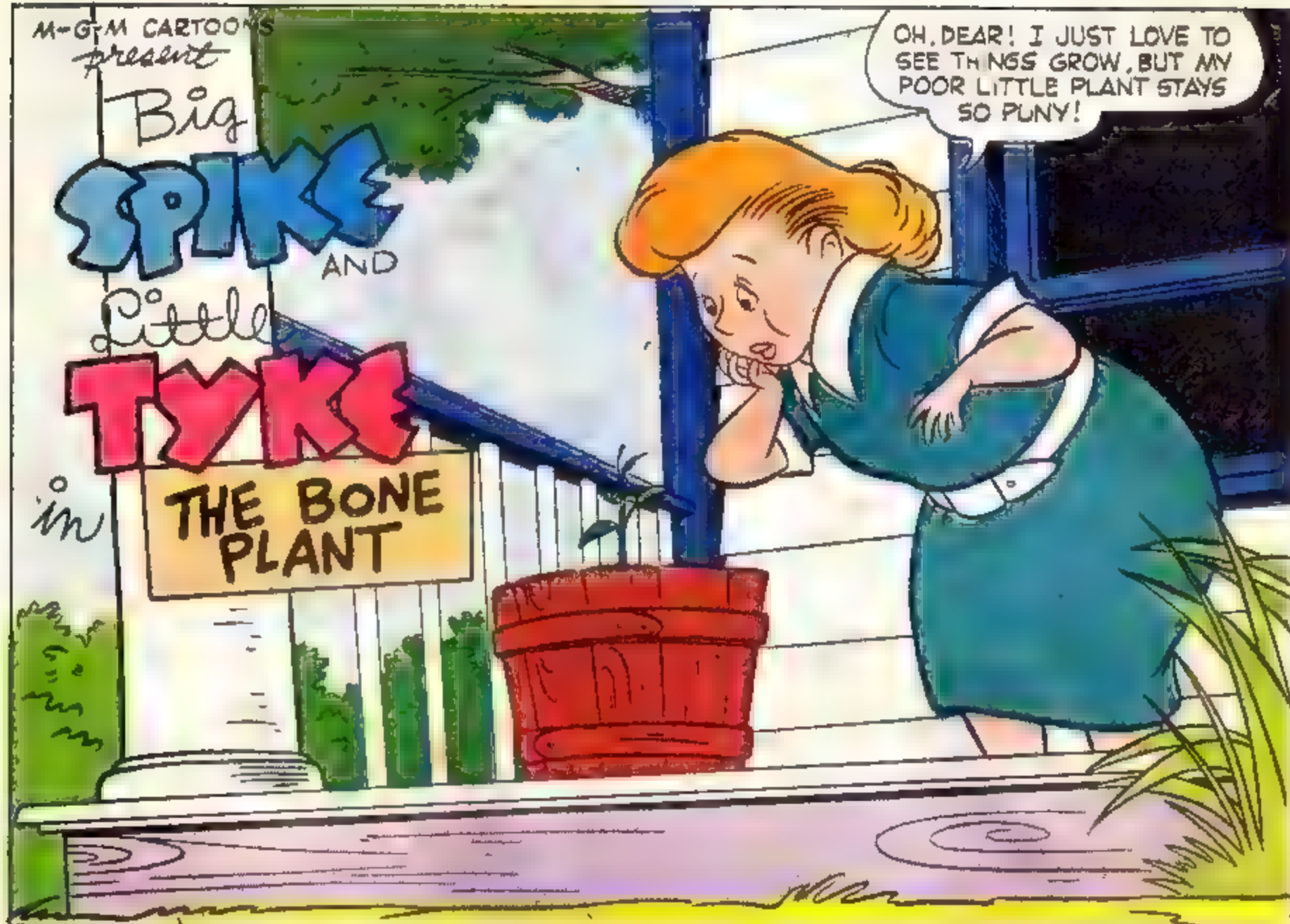
AND

# Little TYKE

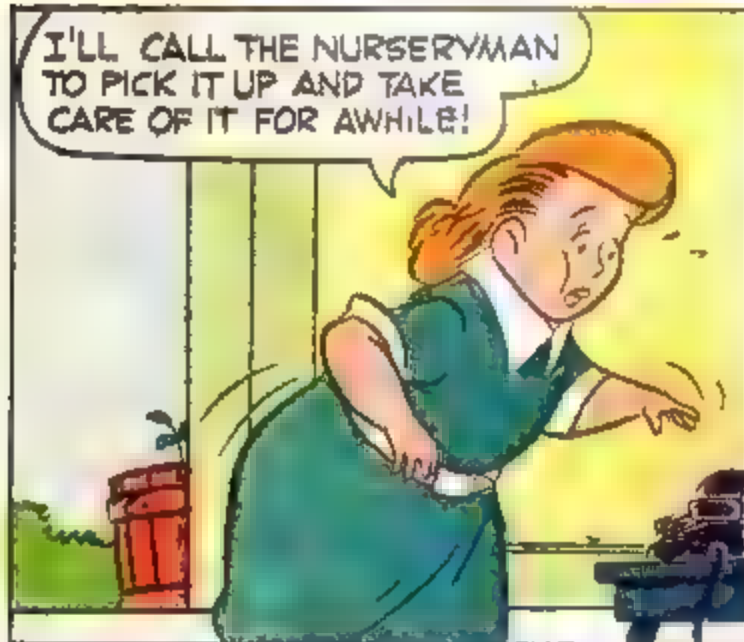
in

## THE BONE PLANT

OH, DEAR! I JUST LOVE TO SEE THINGS GROW, BUT MY POOR LITTLE PLANT STAYS SO PUNY!



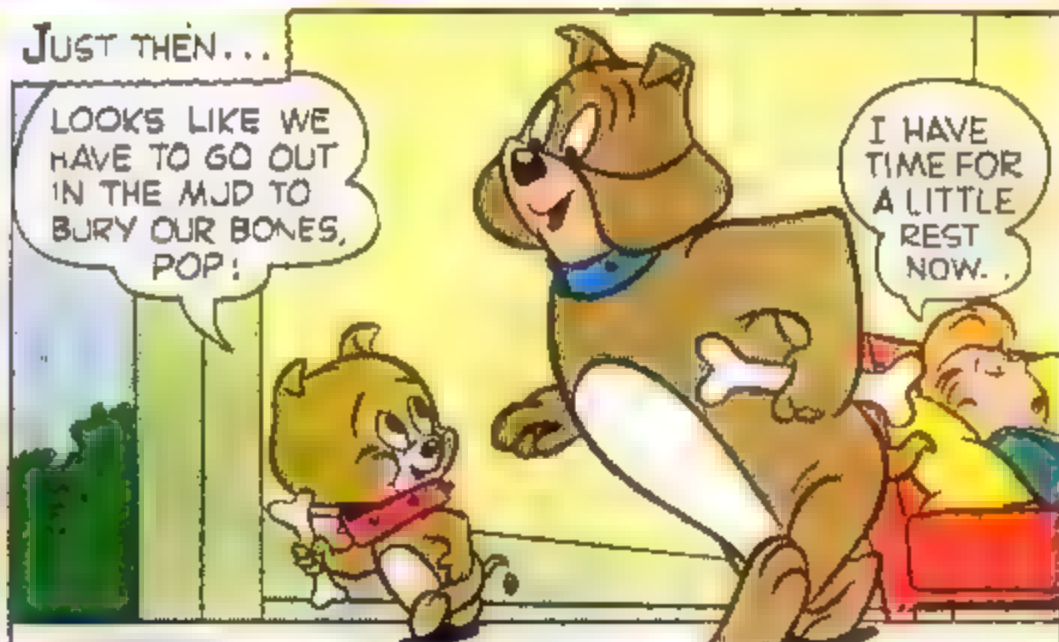
I'LL CALL THE NURSERYMAN TO PICK IT UP AND TAKE CARE OF IT FOR AWHILE!



JUST THEN...

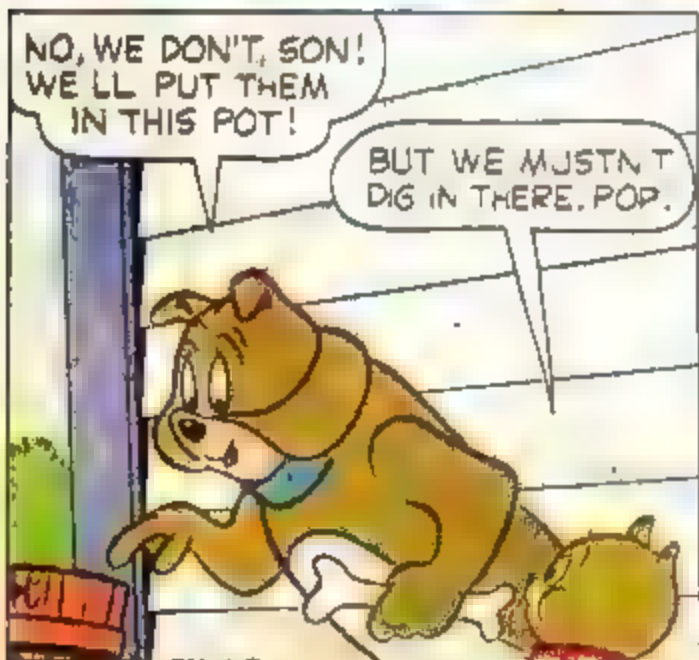
LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE TO GO OUT IN THE MUD TO BURY OUR BONES, POP!

I HAVE TIME FOR A LITTLE REST NOW.



NO, WE DON'T, SON! WE'LL PUT THEM IN THIS POT!

BUT WE MUSTN'T DIG IN THERE, POP.

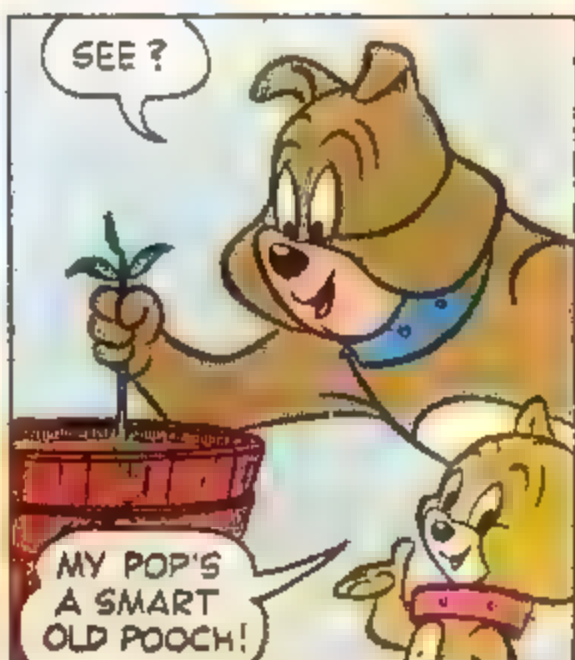


NO DIGGING IS NECESSARY, TYKE!

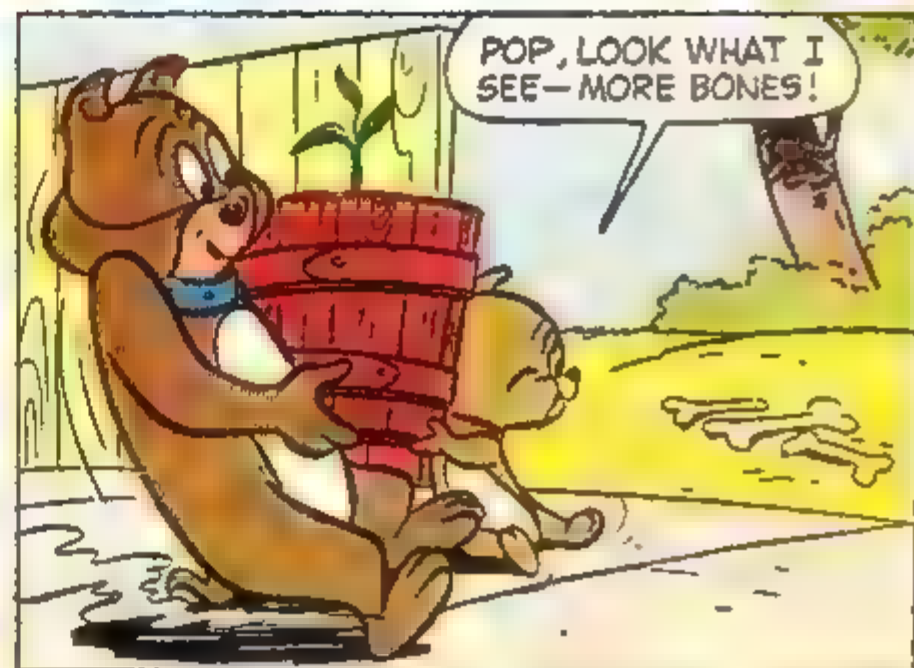
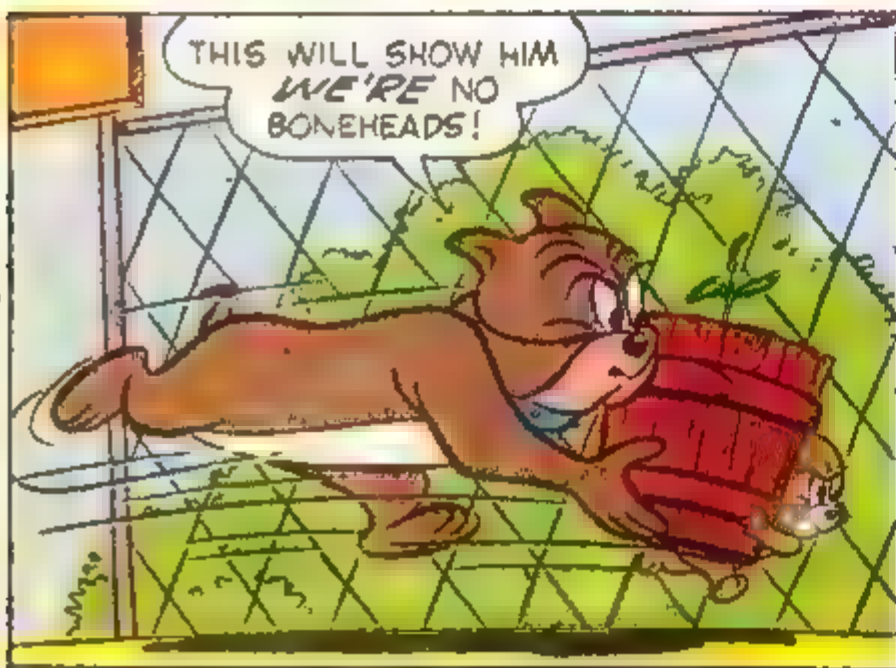
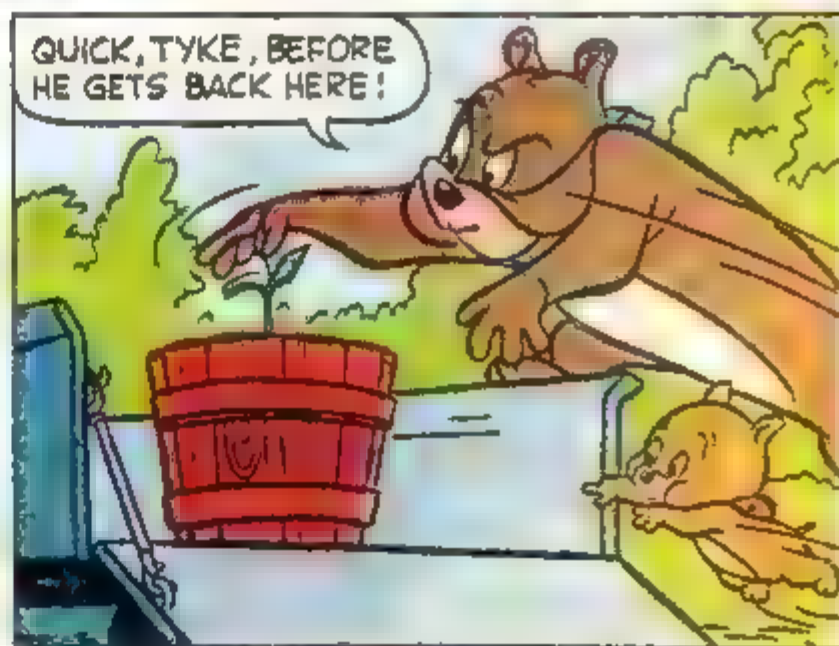
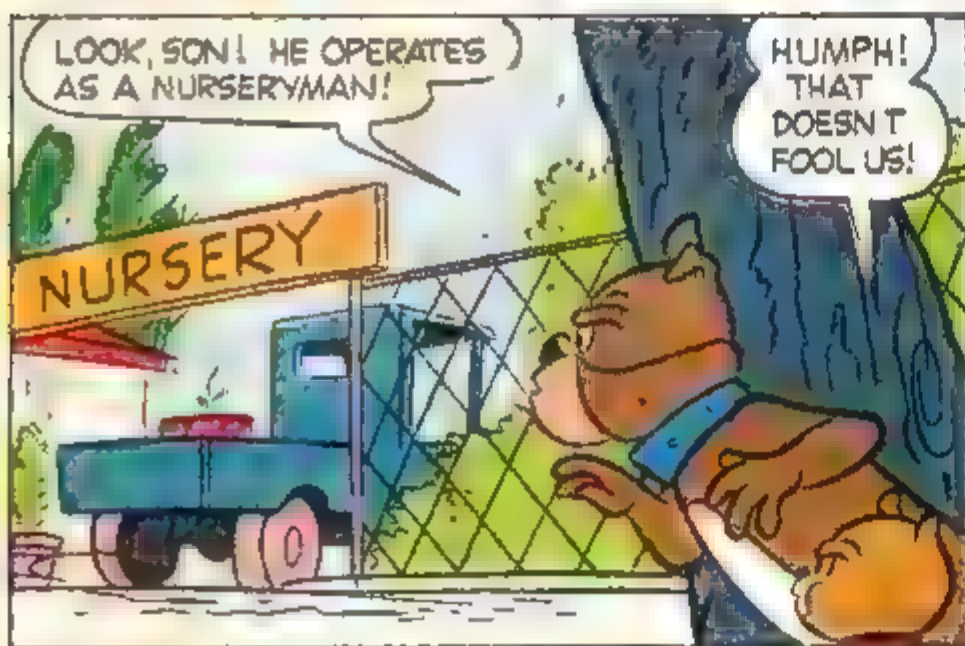
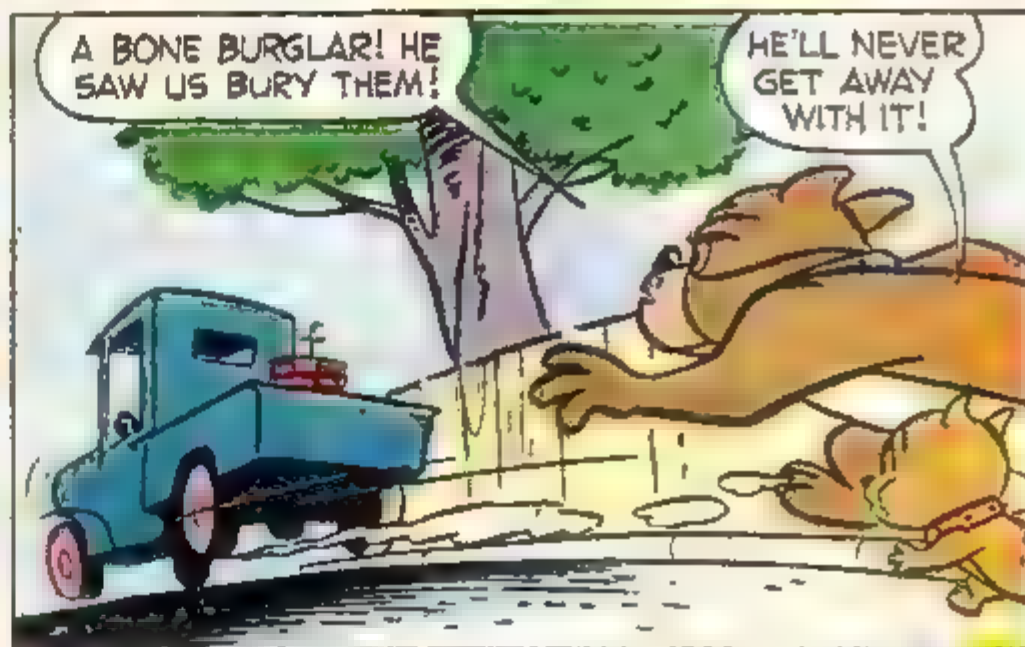
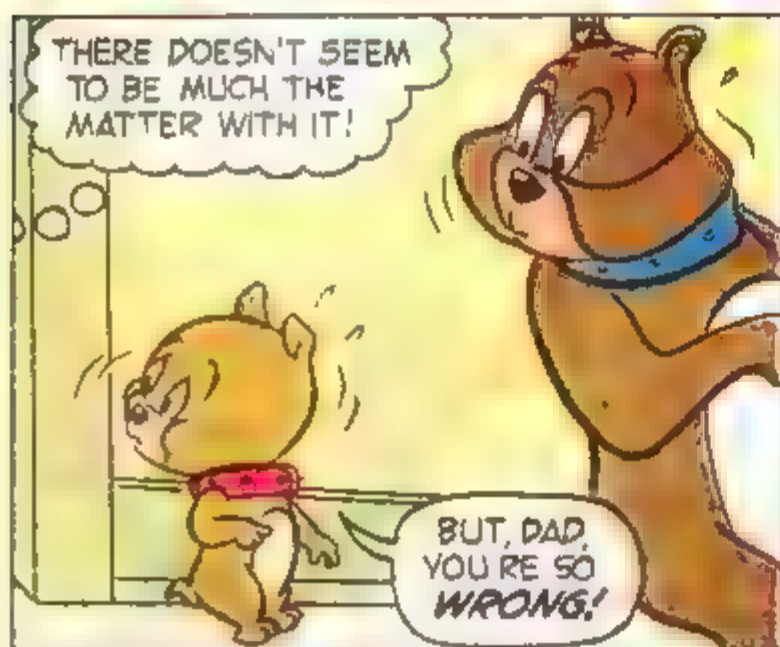
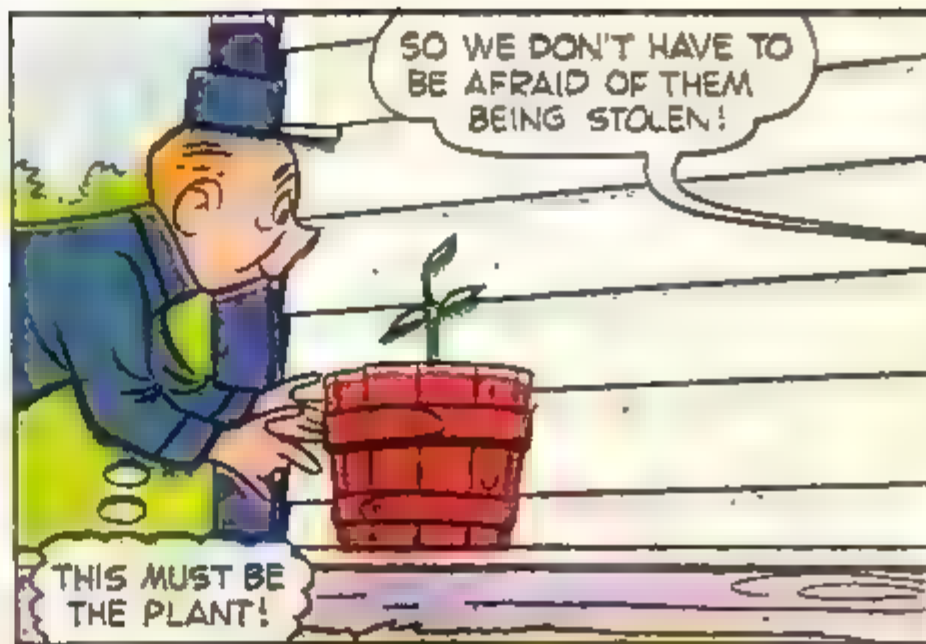


SEE?

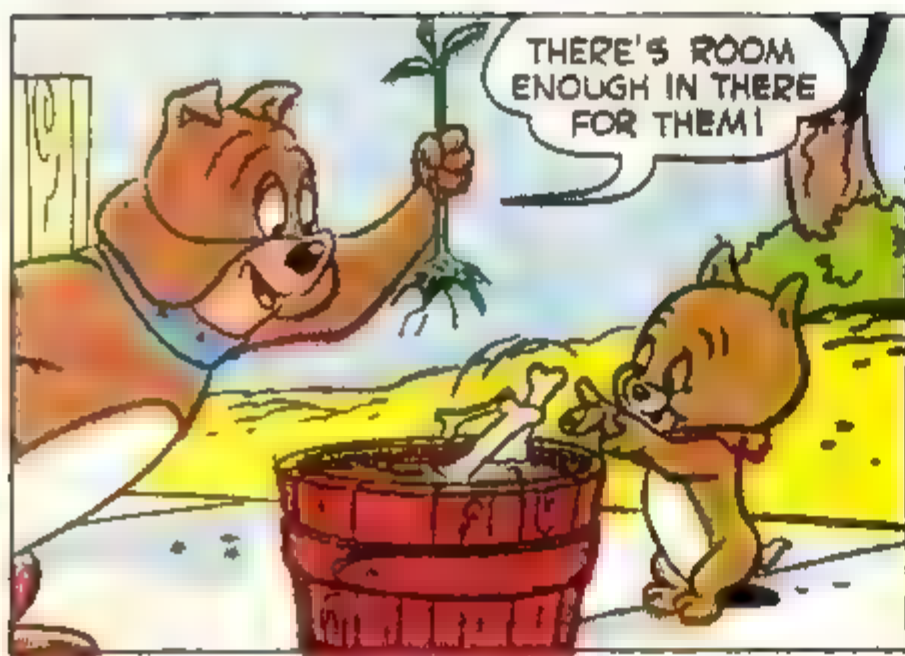
MY POP'S A SMART OLD POOCH!



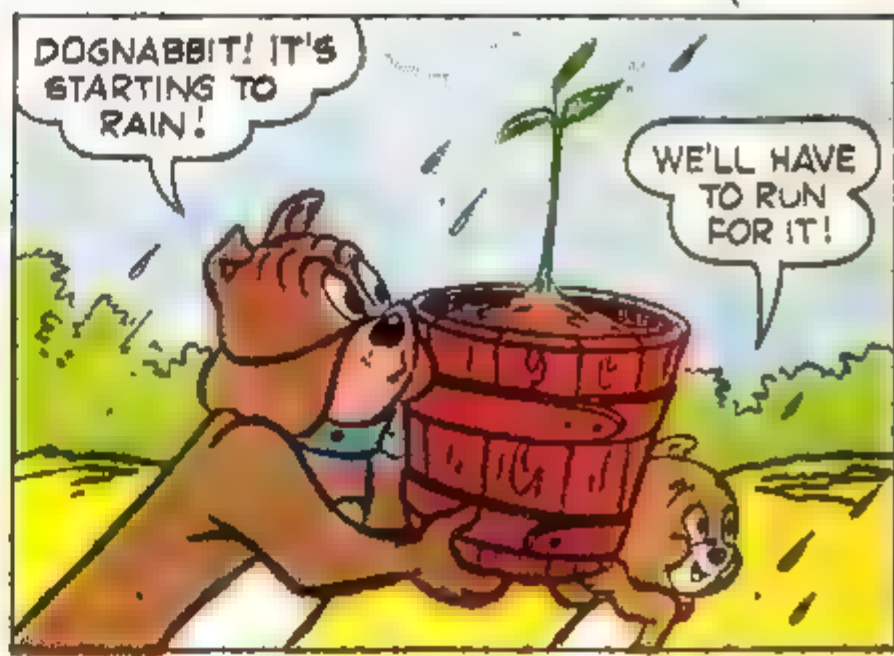






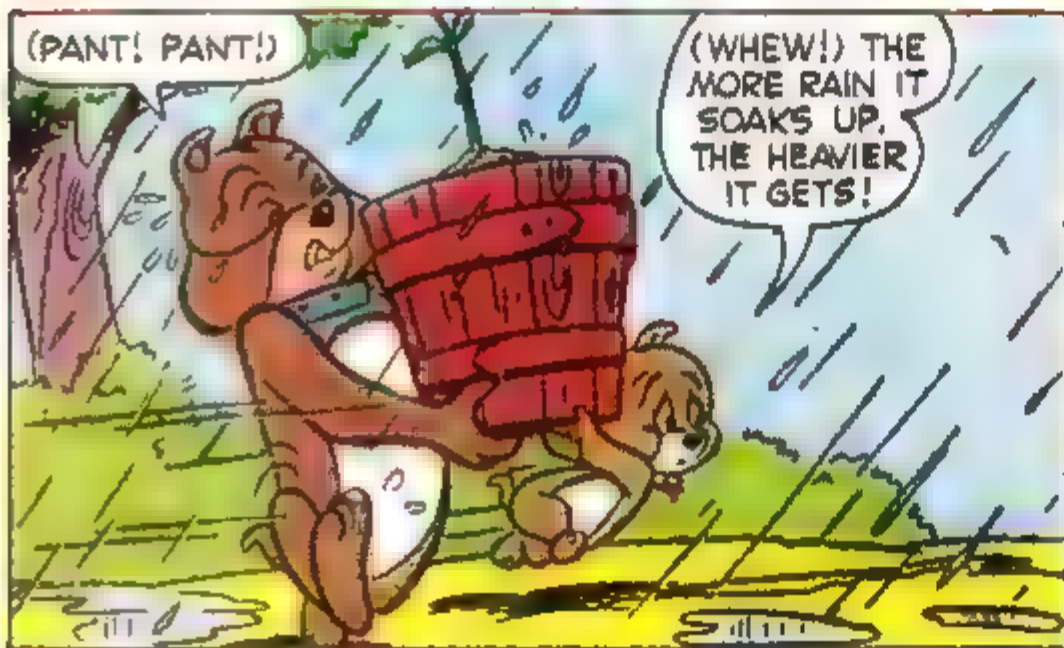


THERE'S ROOM  
ENOUGH IN THERE  
FOR THEM!



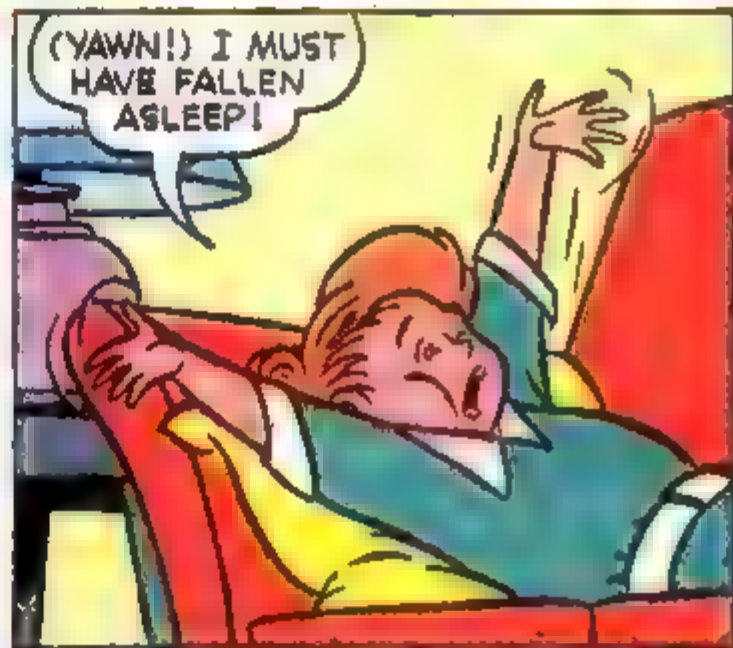
DOGNABBIT! IT'S  
STARTING TO  
RAIN!

WE'LL HAVE  
TO RUN  
FOR IT!

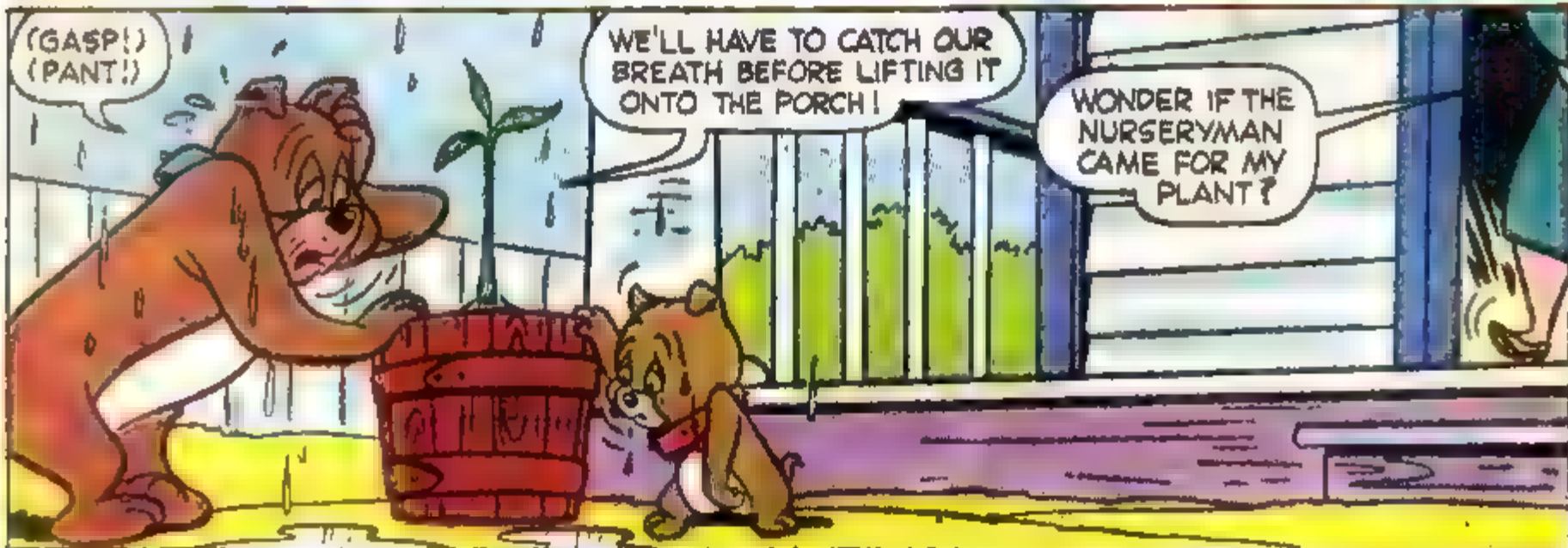


(PANT! PANT!)

(WHEW!) THE  
MORE RAIN IT  
SOAKS UP,  
THE HEAVIER  
IT GETS!



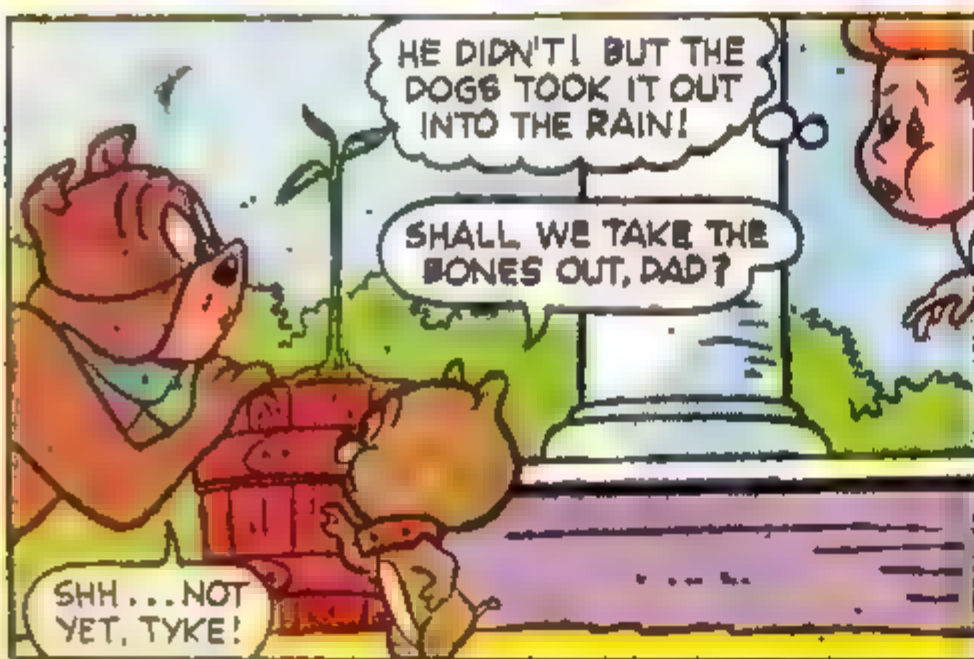
(YAWN!) I MUST  
HAVE FALLEN  
ASLEEP!



(GASP!)  
(PANT!)

WE'LL HAVE TO CATCH OUR  
BREATH BEFORE LIFTING IT  
ONTO THE PORCH!

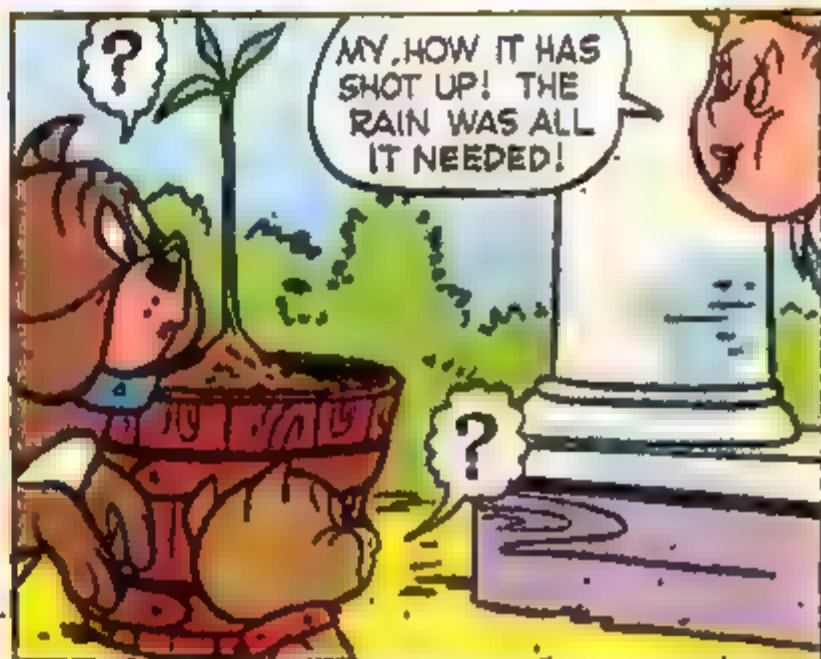
WONDER IF THE  
NURSEYMAN  
CAME FOR MY  
PLANT?



HE DIDN'T! BUT THE  
DOGS TOOK IT OUT  
INTO THE RAIN!

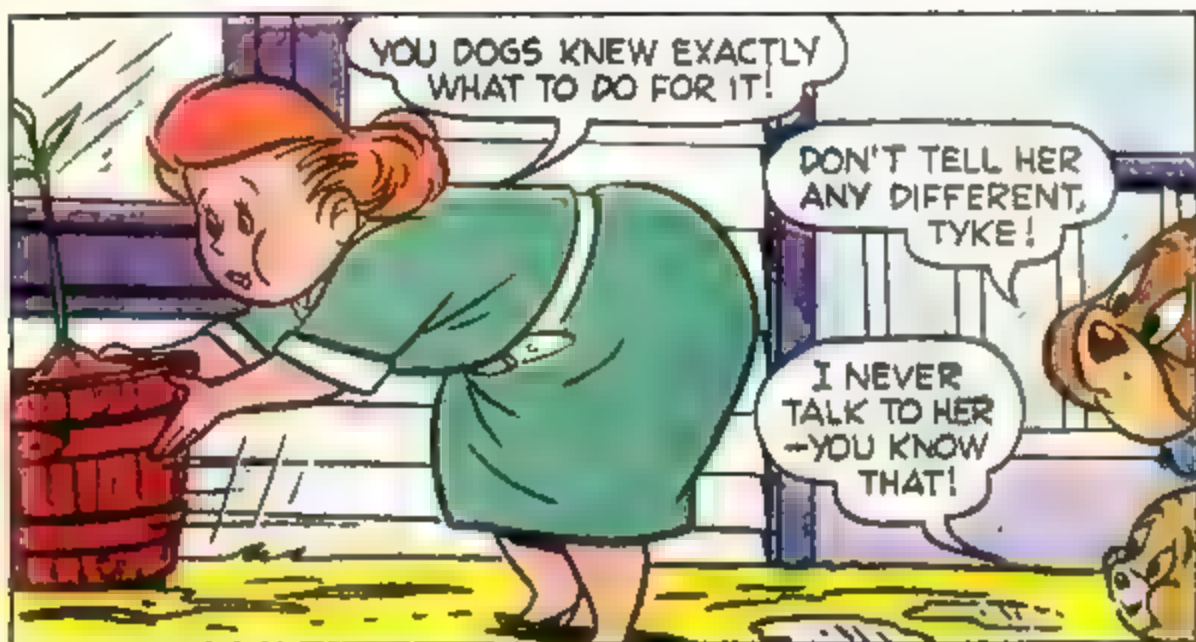
SHALL WE TAKE THE  
BONES OUT, DAD?

SHH... NOT  
YET, TYKE!



MY, HOW IT HAS  
SHOT UP! THE  
RAIN WAS ALL  
IT NEEDED!





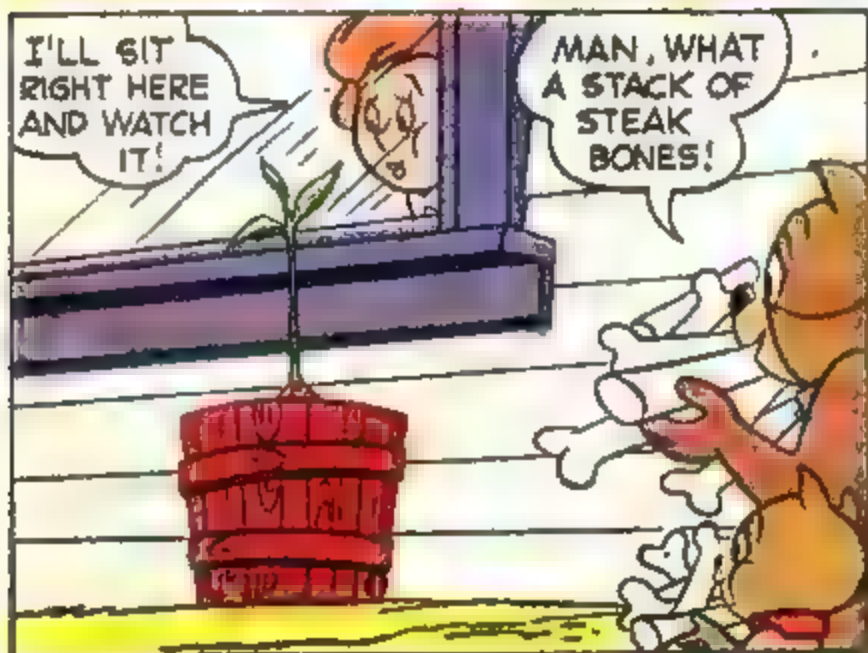
YOU DOGS KNEW EXACTLY  
WHAT TO DO FOR IT!

DON'T TELL HER  
ANY DIFFERENT,  
TYKE!

I NEVER  
TALK TO HER  
—YOU KNOW  
THAT!

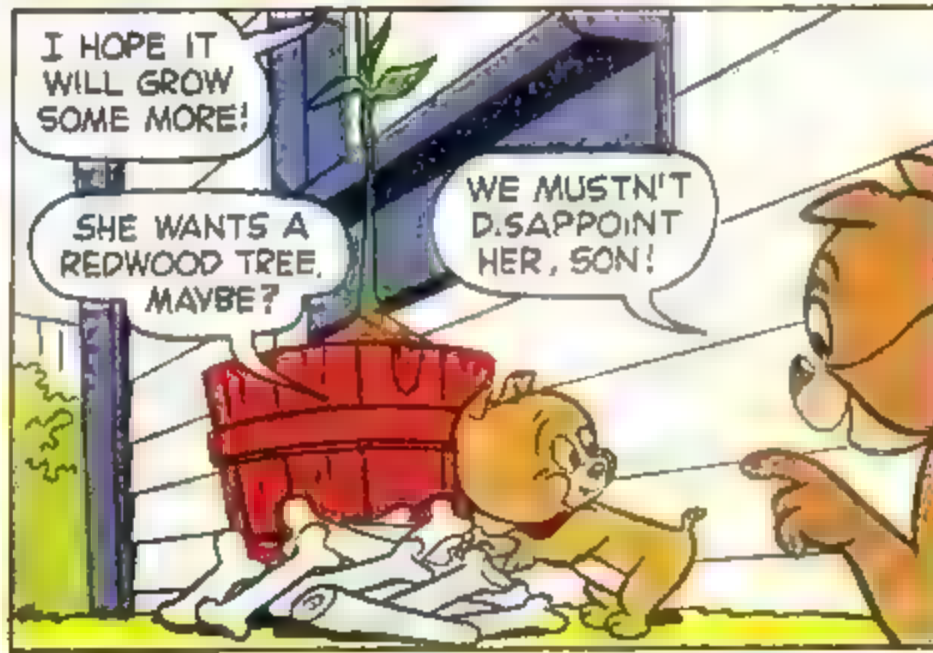


AND YOU DESERVE  
A SPECIAL TREAT!



I'LL SIT  
RIGHT HERE  
AND WATCH  
IT!

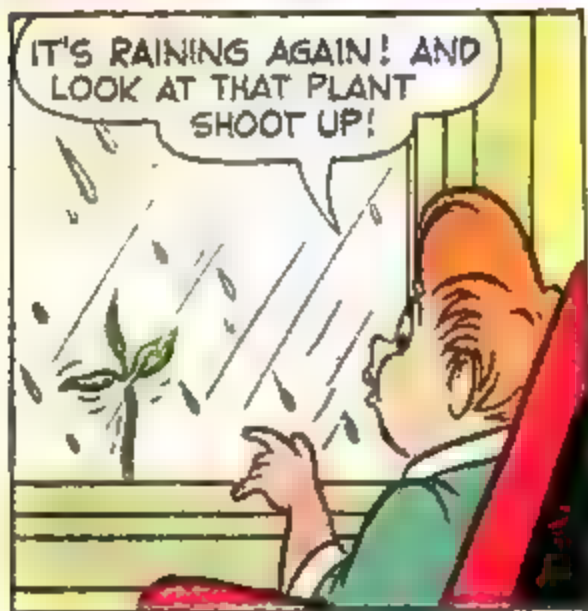
MAN, WHAT  
A STACK OF  
STEAK  
BONES!



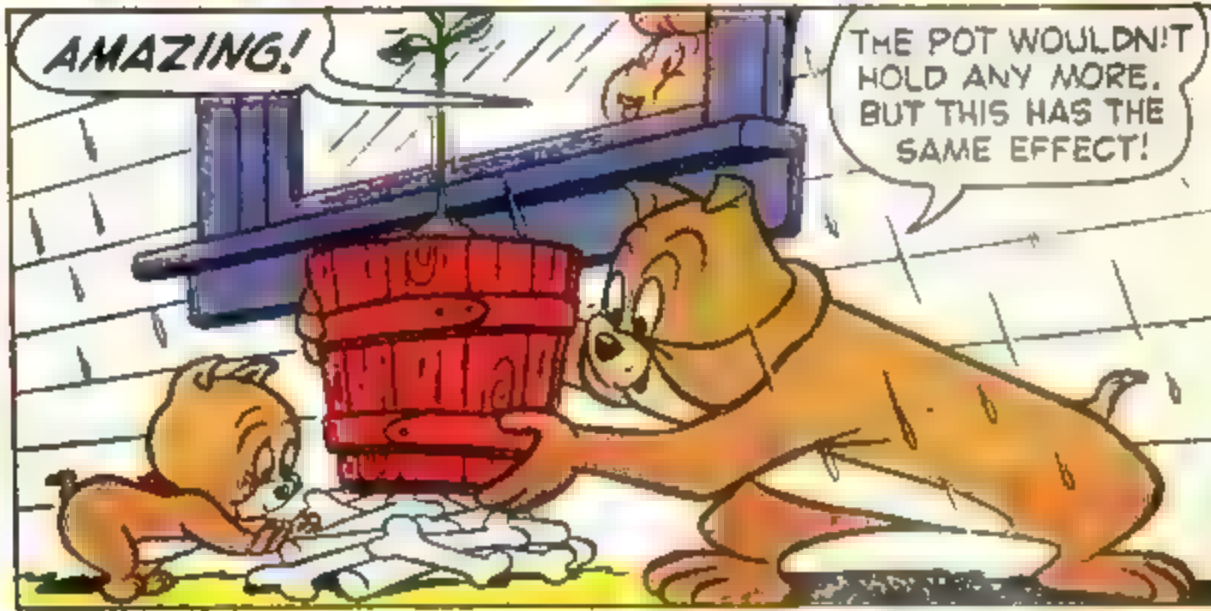
I HOPE IT  
WILL GROW  
SOME MORE!

SHE WANTS A  
REDWOOD TREE,  
MAYBE?

WE MUSTN'T  
D.SAPPOINT  
HER, SON!



IT'S RAINING AGAIN! AND  
LOOK AT THAT PLANT  
SHOOT UP!



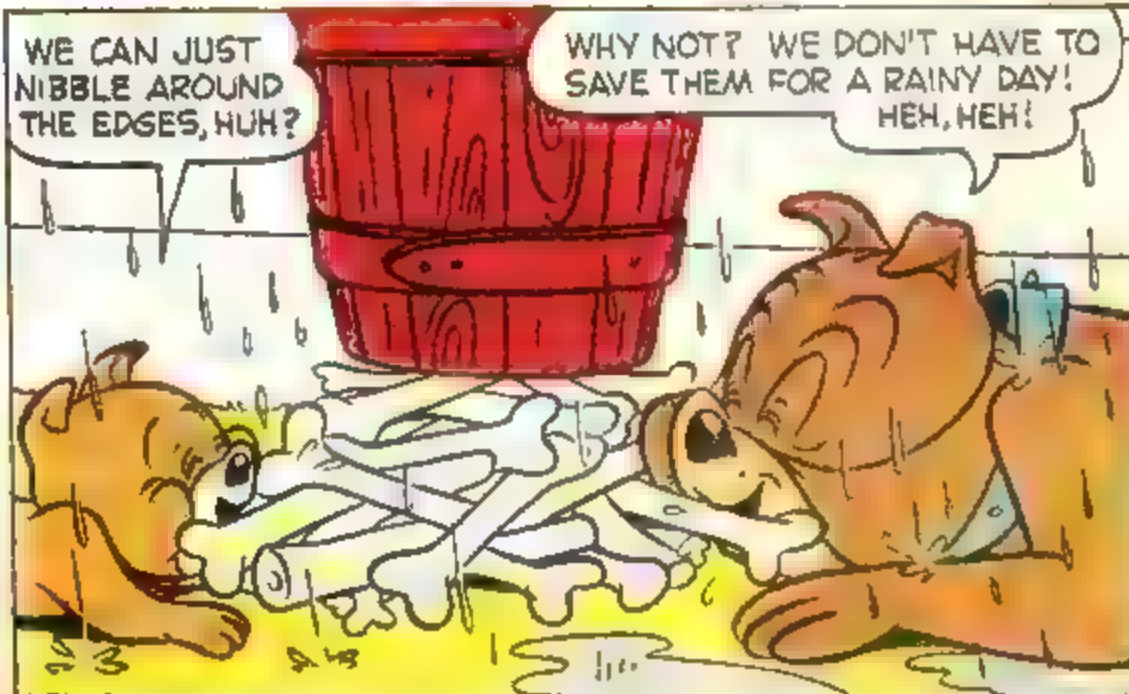
AMAZING!

THE POT WOULDN'T  
HOLD ANY MORE,  
BUT THIS HAS THE  
SAME EFFECT!



SAY, I WORKED UP  
AN APPET.TE, POP!

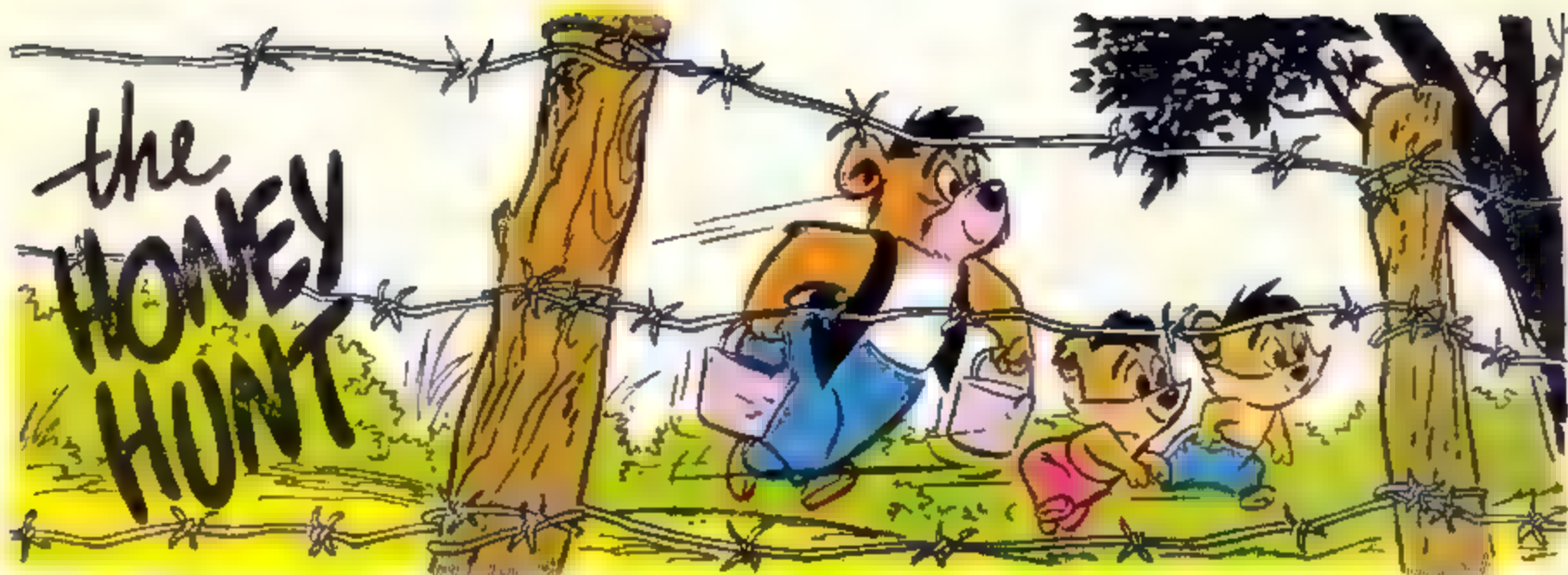
ME, TOO,  
TYKE!



WE CAN JUST  
NIBBLE AROUND  
THE EDGES, HUH?

WHY NOT? WE DON'T HAVE TO  
SAVE THEM FOR A RAINY DAY!  
HEH, HEH!





"Uncle Barney! Uncle Barney!" Fuzzy and Wuzzy, the two little bears, greeted their uncle one day as he returned from a shopping trip. "Did you bring us any honey?"

"Honey?" Uncle Barney said with surprise. "Of course not! Bears don't buy honey at the store. They hunt honey. Besides," he added, "the price they are asking for honey these days is just too high."

"Oh, phooey!" Fuzzy pouted. "We were hoping you'd bring home some honey. We haven't had any in an awfully long time."

"And we love honey," Wuzzy nodded.

"Well," Uncle Barney sighed, "I guess if you really like it that much, we could go on a honey hunt. How would that be?"

"Whoopee!" the two little brothers crowed. "We're all for it. Let's go!"

"No sooner said than done," Uncle Barney smiled as he issued immediate instructions to prepare for the trip.

An hour later, they had driven to the countryside and were running towards the deep woods when they came across a barbed-wire fence. "Oh, oh," Uncle Barney said in dismay. "This fence probably means that we're not supposed to go in there."

"I'll bet it does, too," Fuzzy replied with a worried frown. "We'd better find another place to do our honey hunting."

"Oh, fiddledee-dee!" Uncle Barney joshed. "Most farmers put fences around their land just to keep their animals from wandering off onto someone else's property."

"I don't know," Wuzzy said anxiously. "We're liable to have to pay a fine or go to jail if we're caught trespassing."

"Don't be silly," Uncle Barney retorted. "There are no signs telling us to keep out, are there? If it'll make you any happier, after

we've found the honey, we'll go and find the man who owns this land and pay him whatever he wants . . . if he even wants anything. Now, let's climb through the fence."

Fuzzy and Wuzzy wiggled through the fence with hardly any trouble at all, but Uncle Barney somehow managed to tear his trousers and shirt as he followed.

By the time the carefree group found a hive of wild bees, they had climbed through three more fences, and no matter how careful he was, Uncle Barney managed to rip his clothes a little more each time.

After a short tussle with the angry bees, the trio came away with buckets filled to the brim with delicious honey.

"Now to find the owner and see if he wants any money," Uncle Barney smiled happily.

"Say, what do you think you're doing?" a deep voice called to them just then.

Uncle Barney whirled around and spied a tall farmer stepping out from behind a tree.

"Uh," Barney gulped, "we just got some honey and were on our way to find the owner to see if he wanted to be paid for it."

"I'm the owner, and you're rootin' tootin' right I want to get paid," said the farmer. "That'll be five dollars."

Uncle Barney paid the farmer, and he and the boys continued on their way.

"Gosh," Fuzzy said fretfully, "that was fun, all right, but after having paid all that money to the farmer, and considering the condition of your clothes, Uncle Barney, it hardly seems worth while to have gone hunting for honey ourselves."

"Oh, well," Uncle Barney said cheerfully, "it was more fun this way. We had a nice outing. I'd even say, in fact, that we had a honey of a time."



M-G-M CARTOONS  
*present*

# Mouse Musketeers

in  
**DETERMINED DUELERS**

AH! FISHING IS SO  
PEACEFUL! THE  
BABBLING BROOK,  
THE CHIRPING  
BIRDS...

BABBLE!  
BABBLE!

ROYAL  
BON BONS

THE 'CLANKING - HUH?  
**CLANKING?**

AHA! I HAVE YOU  
VARLETS ON  
THE RUN!

CLANKETY  
CLANK!

OUI, POOSYCAT, YOU HAVE  
THE ADVANTAGE **NOW!**

THOSE HOTHEADS  
ARE AT IT AGAIN!

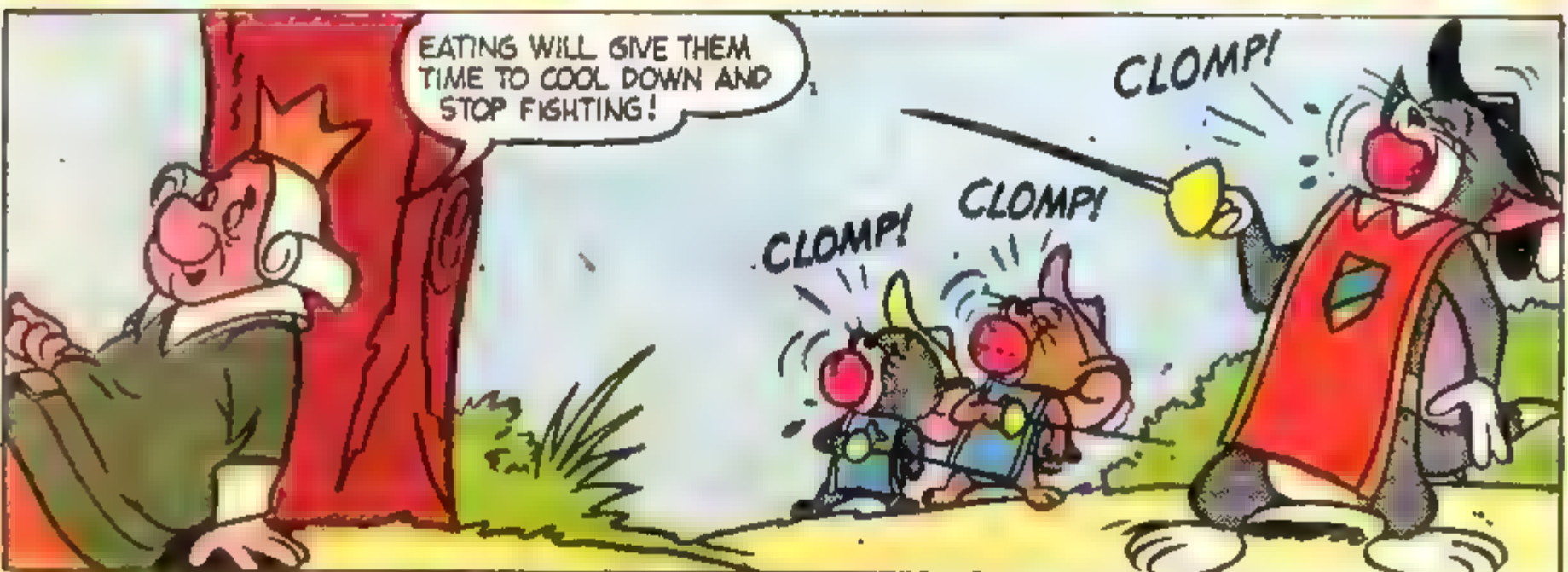
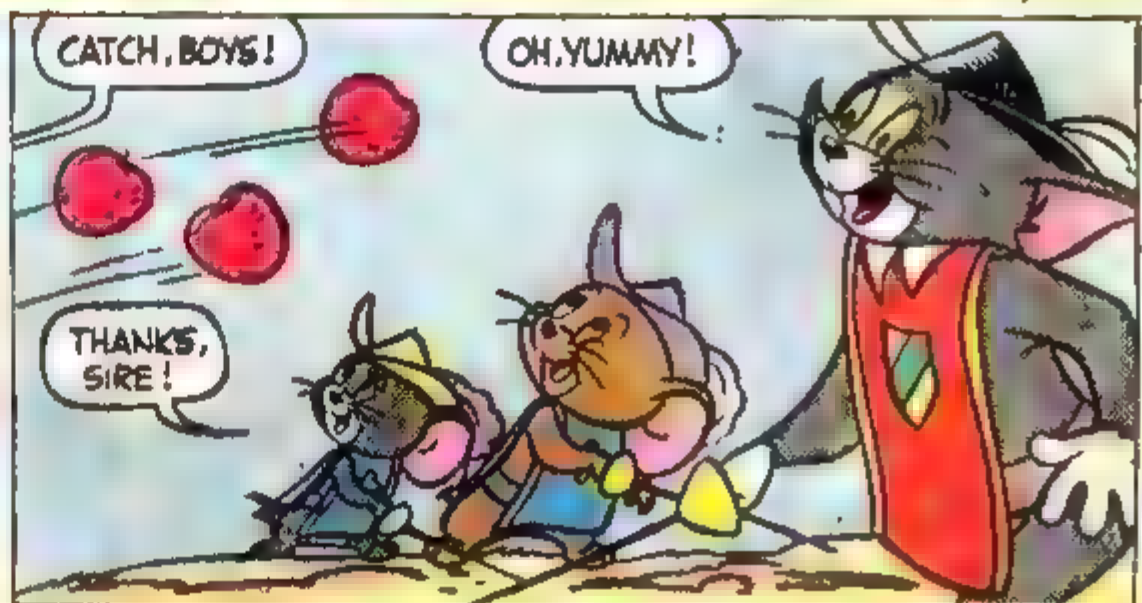
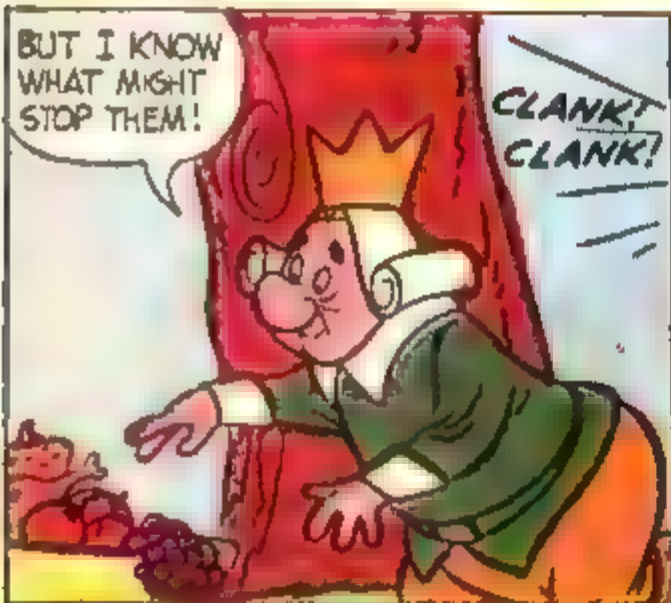
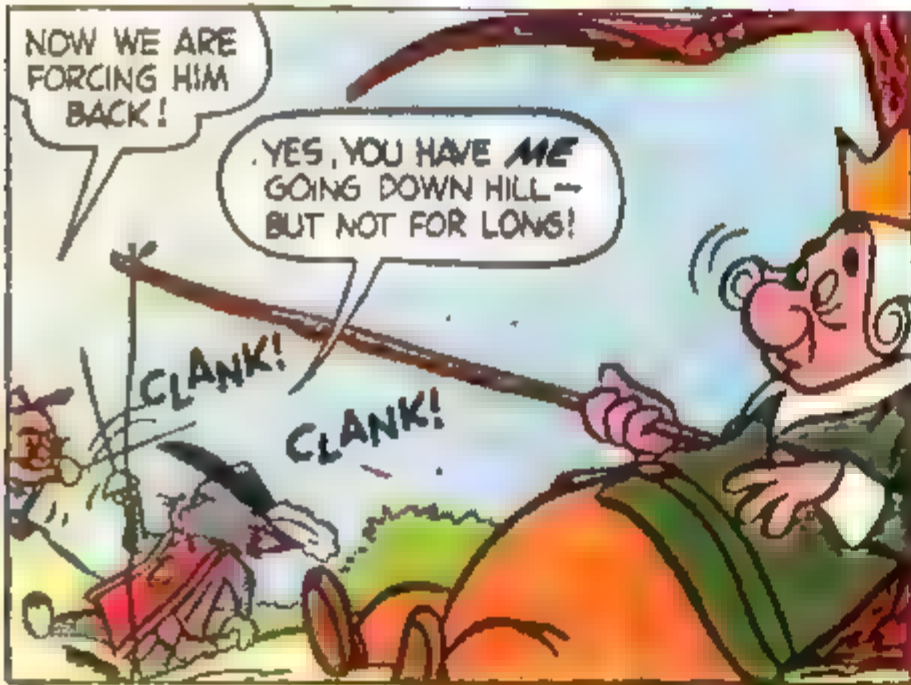
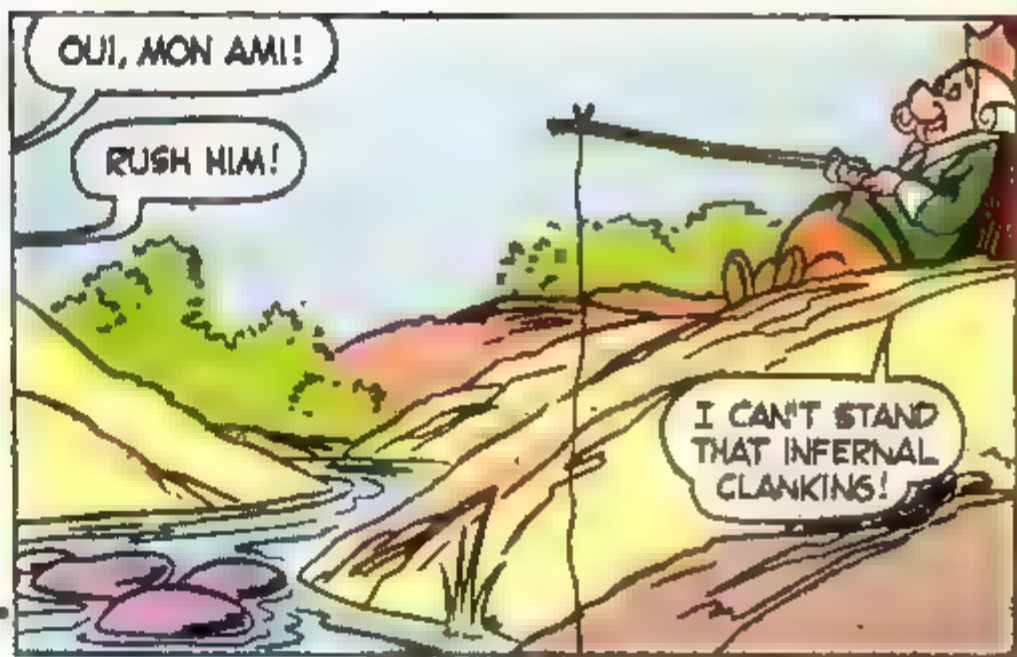
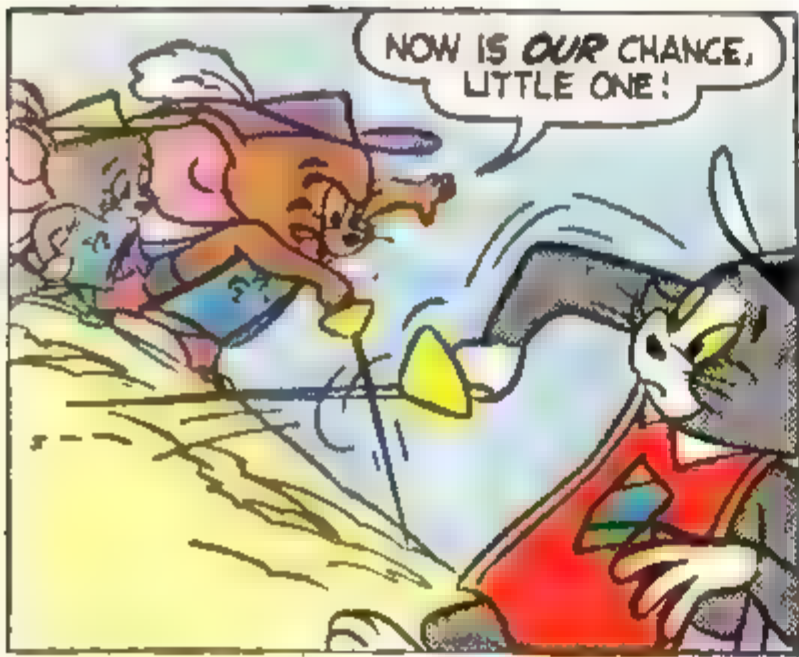
CLANK!  
CLANKETY!  
CLANK!

BUT SOON **WE** WILL  
BE ON TOP!

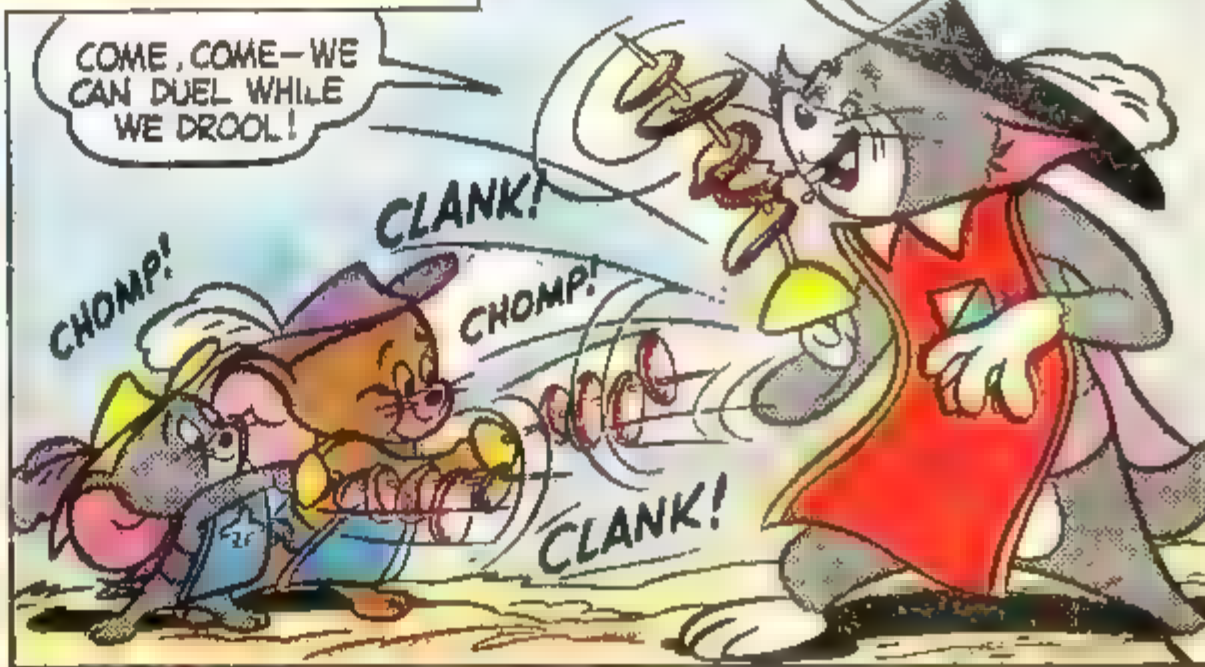
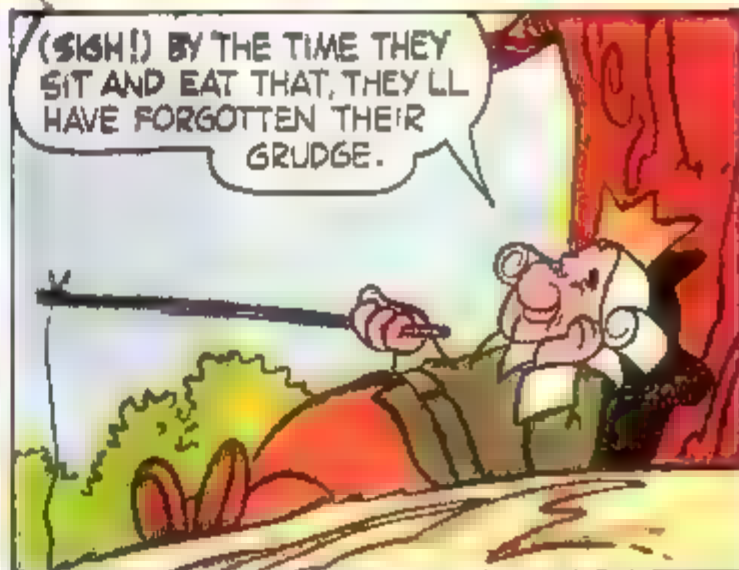
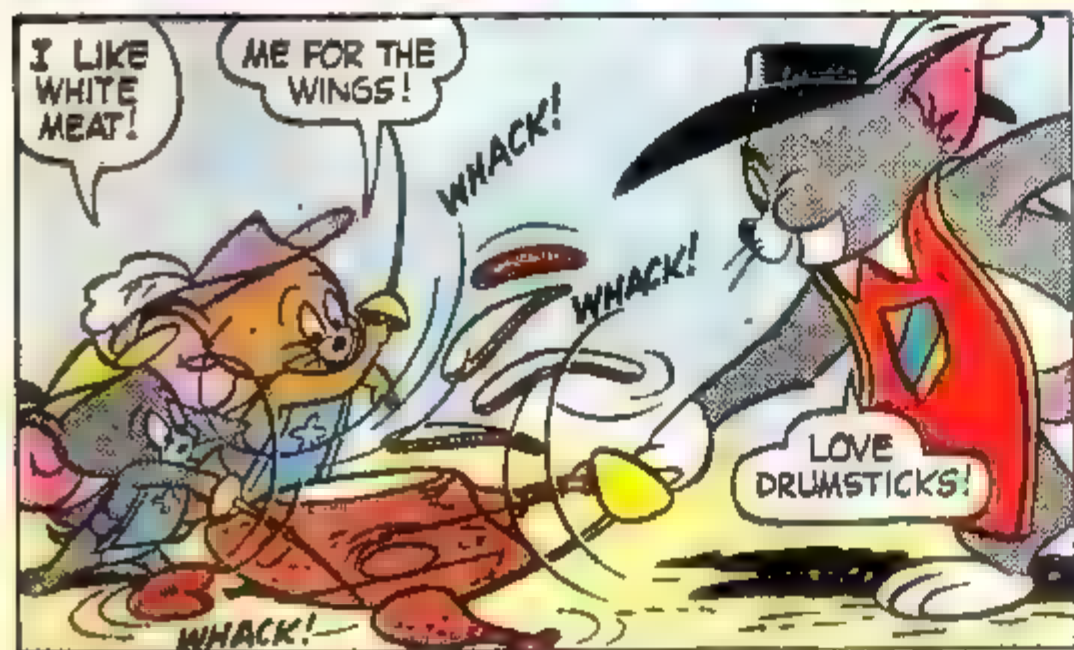
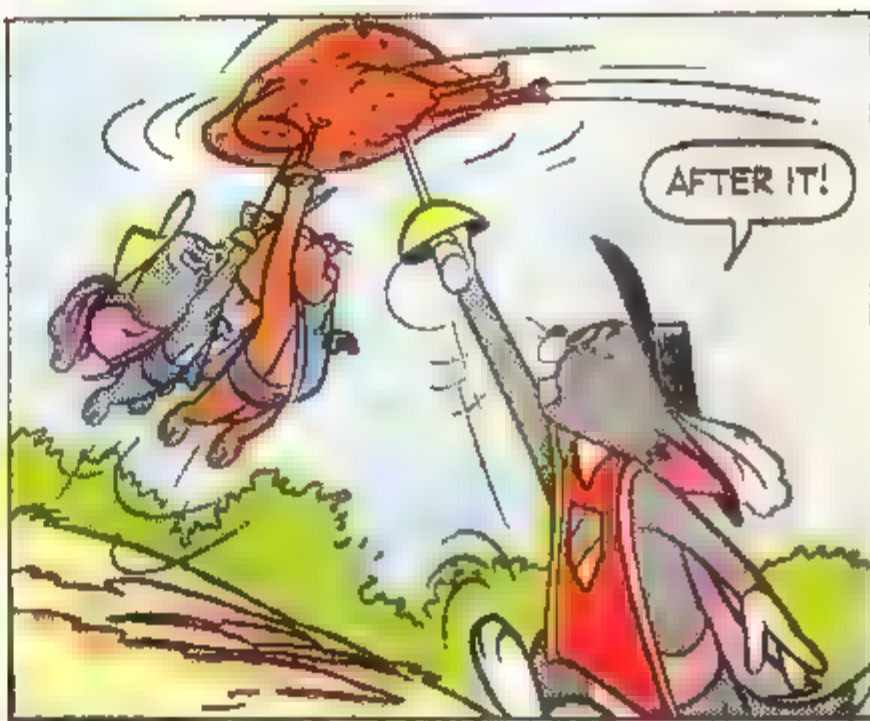
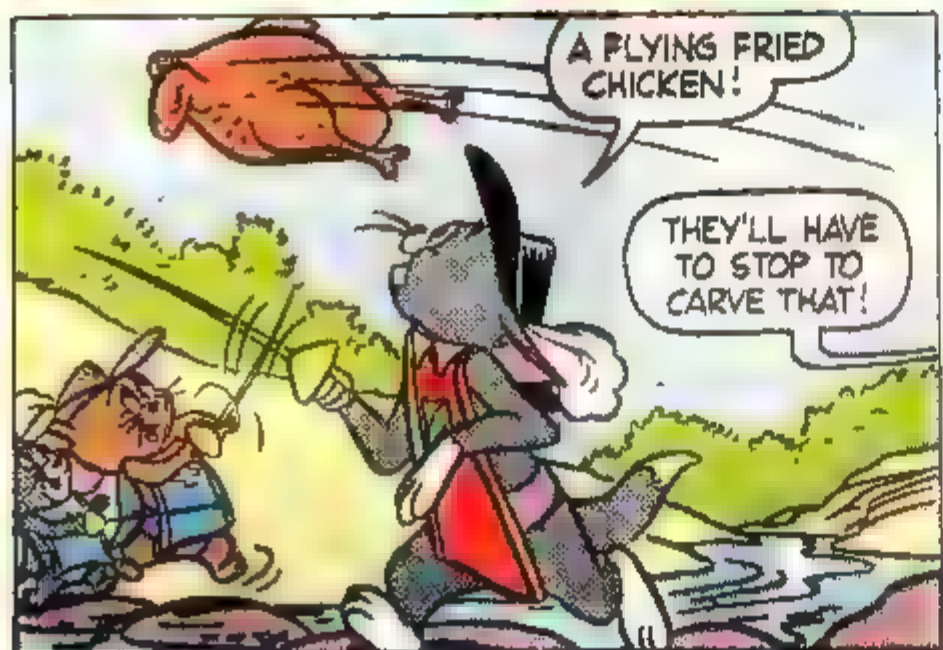
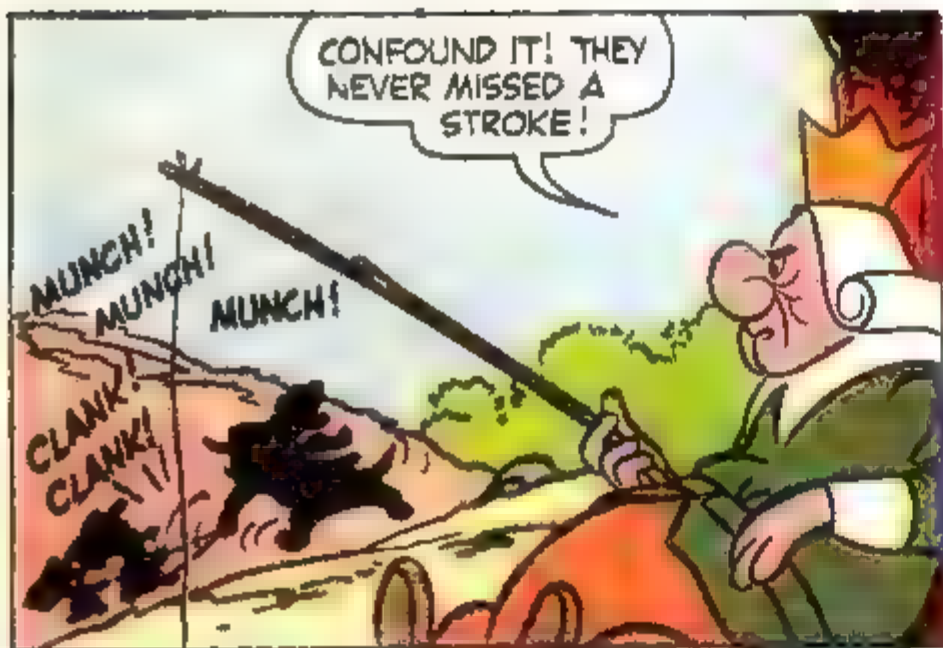
CLANK!  
CLANK!

THANK GOODNESS, THEY  
DIDN'T STOP HERE TO  
FIGHT!

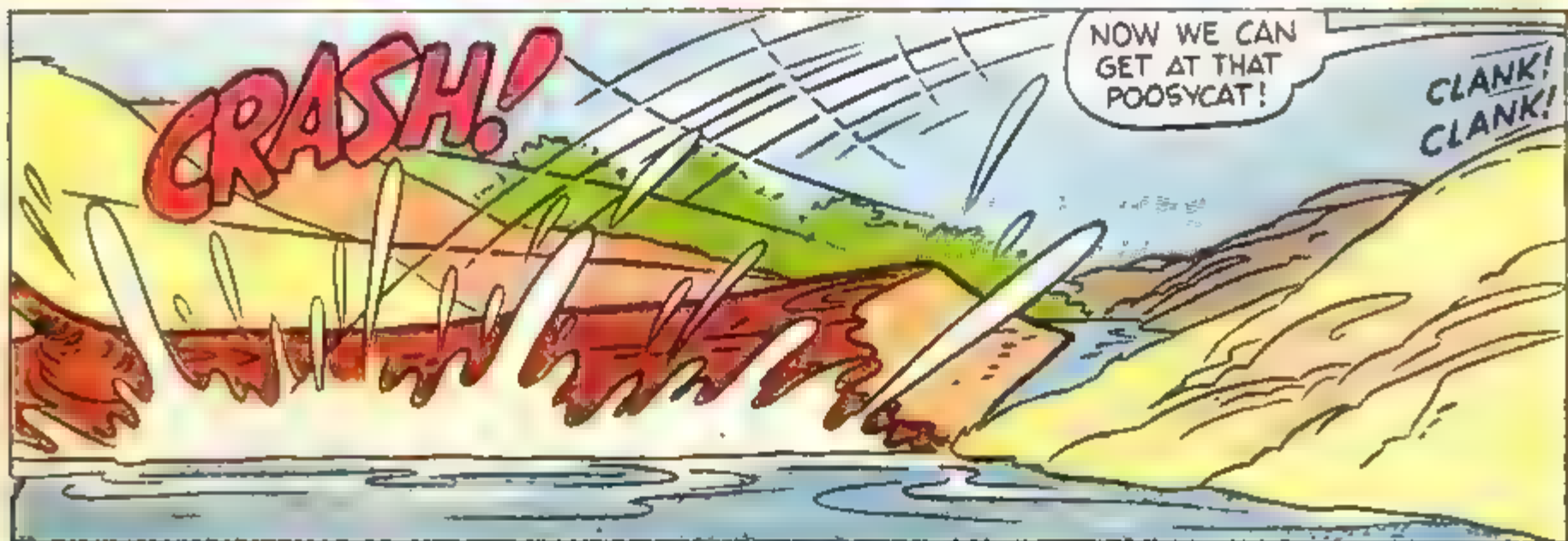
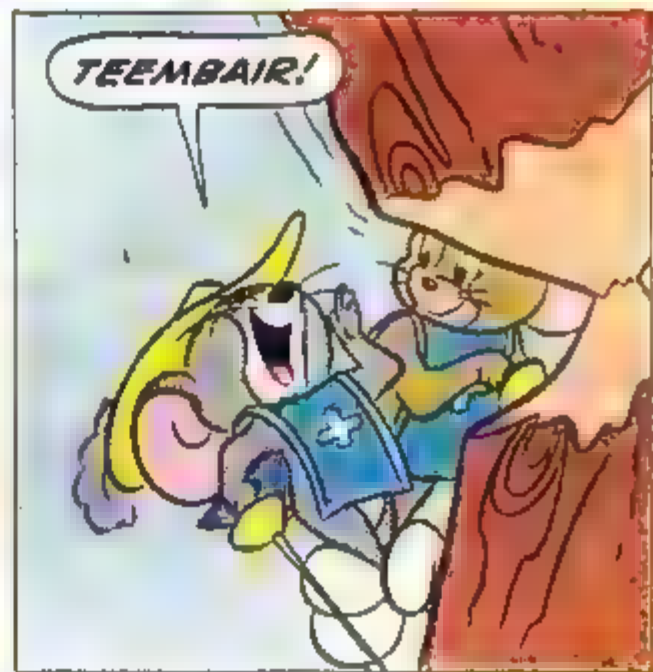
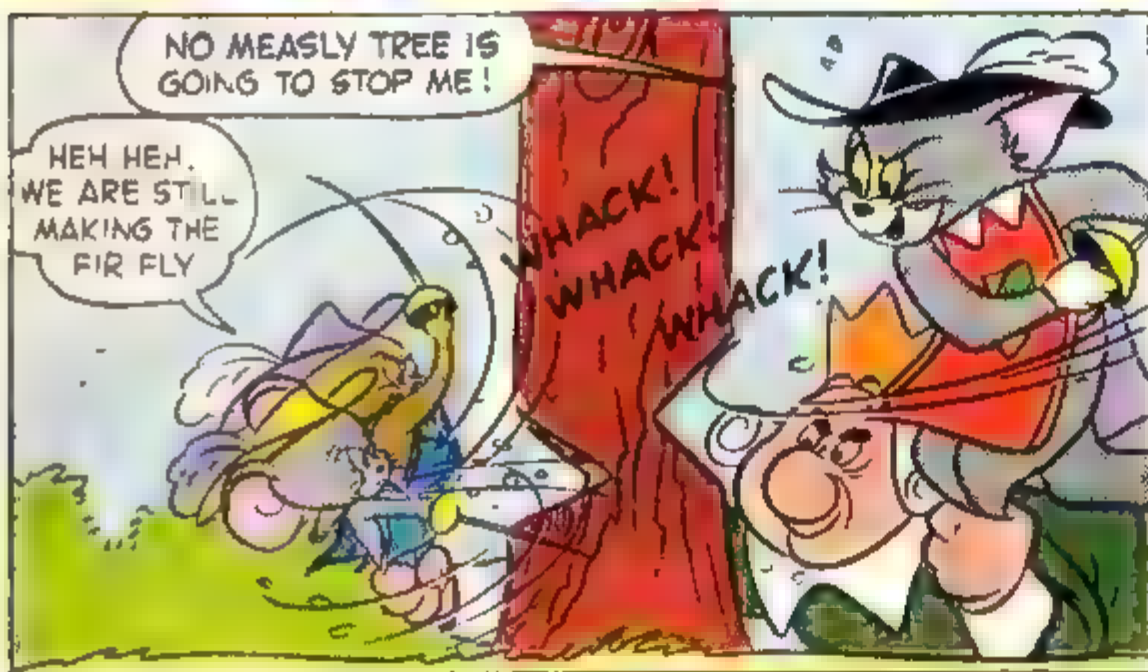
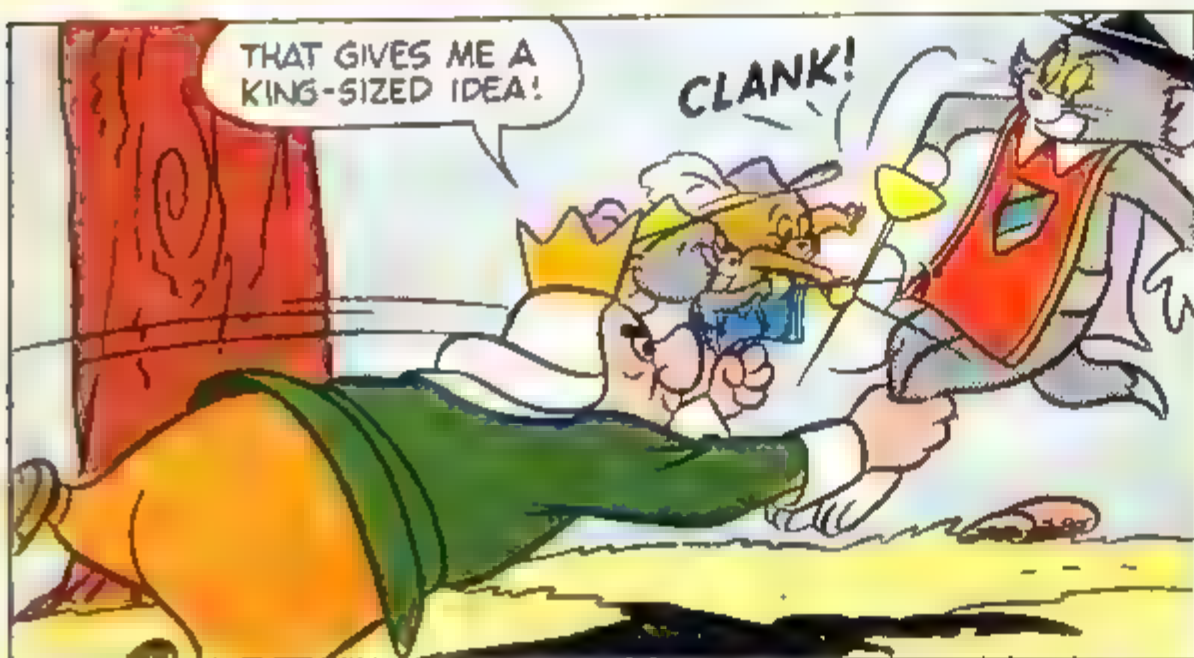
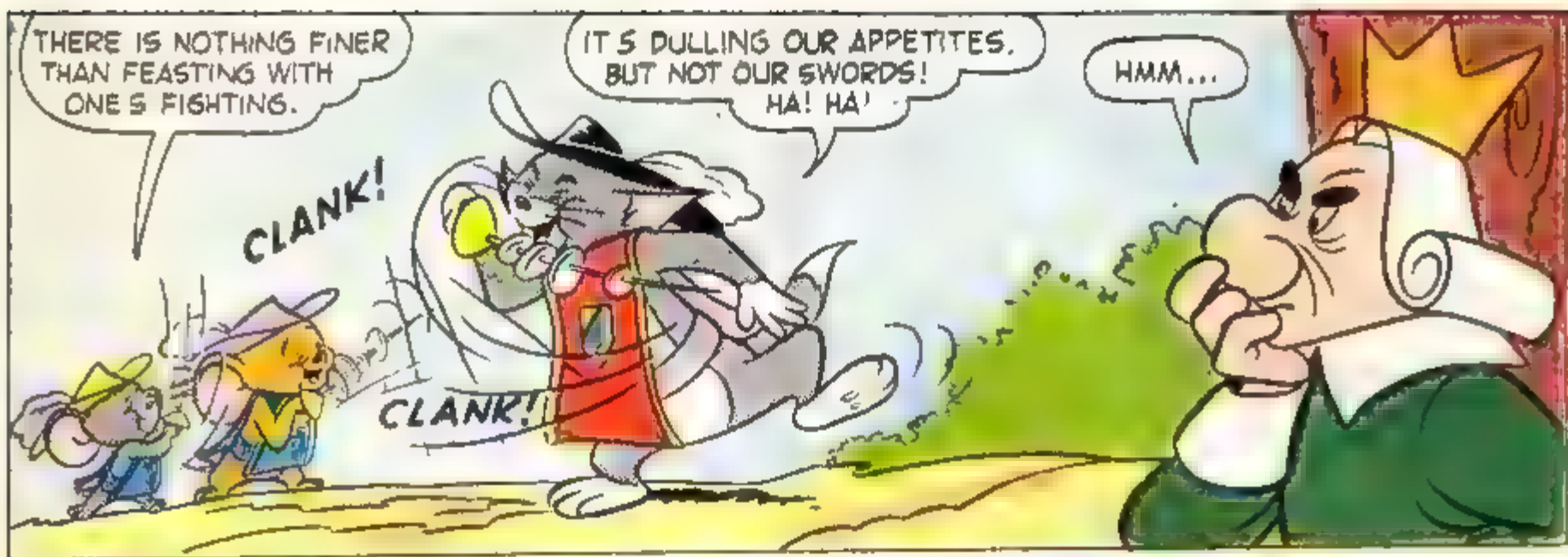




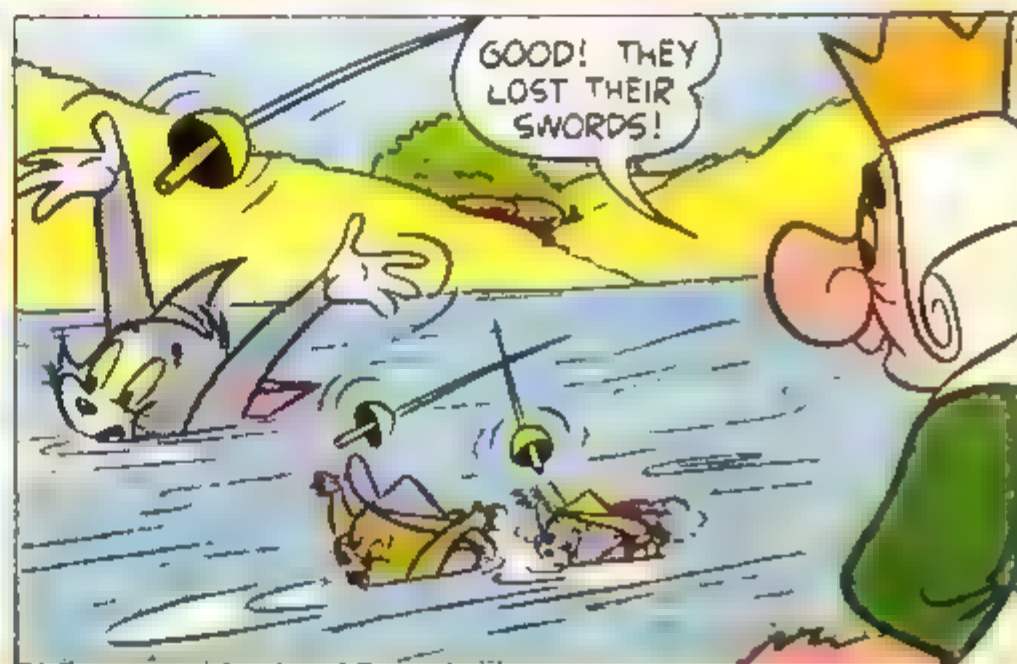
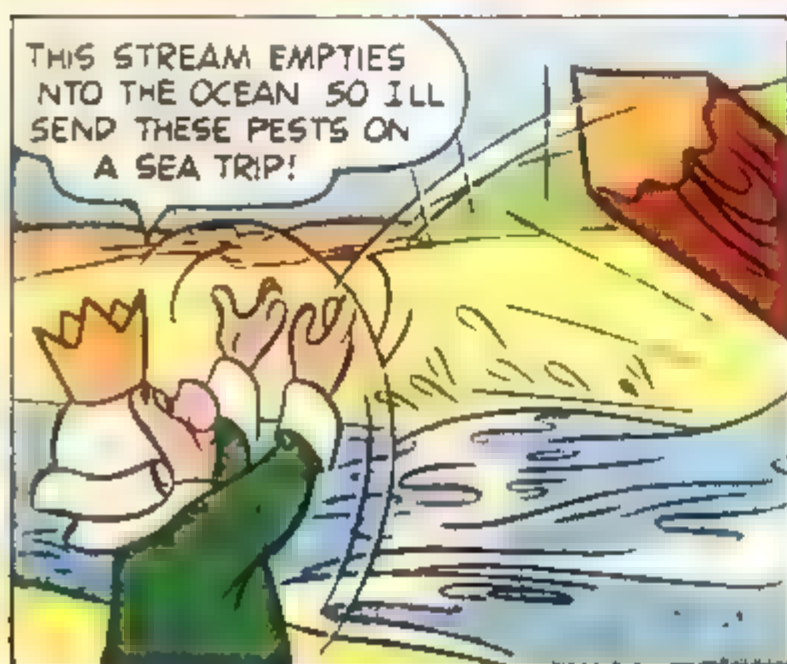
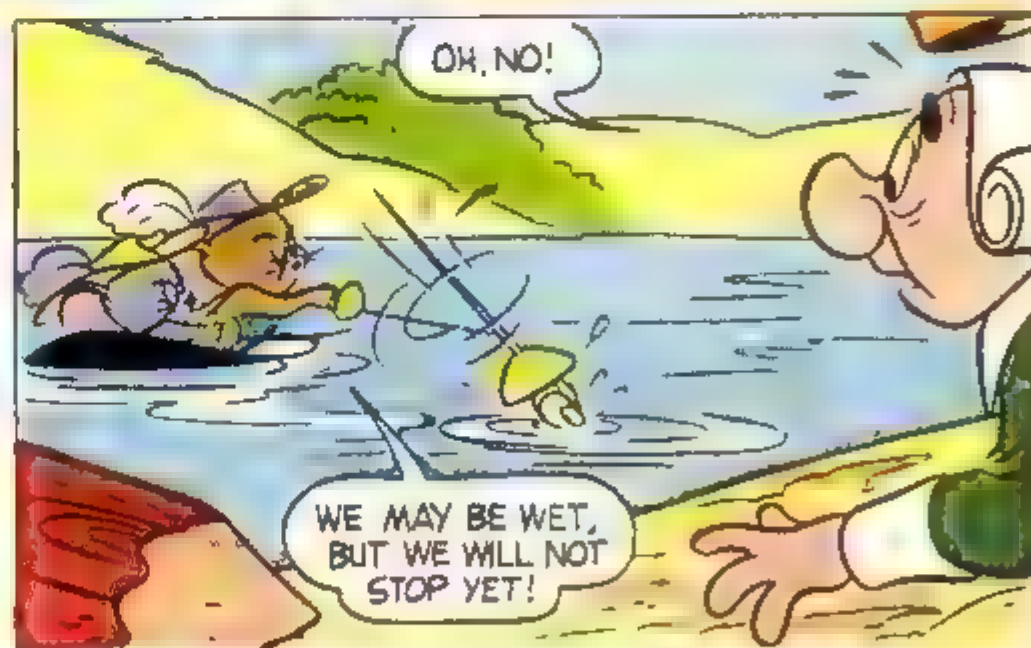
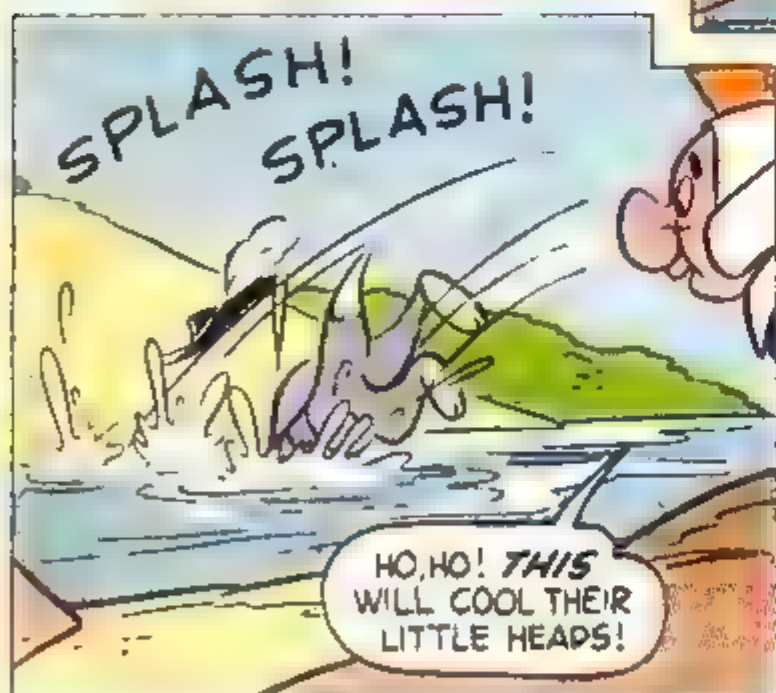
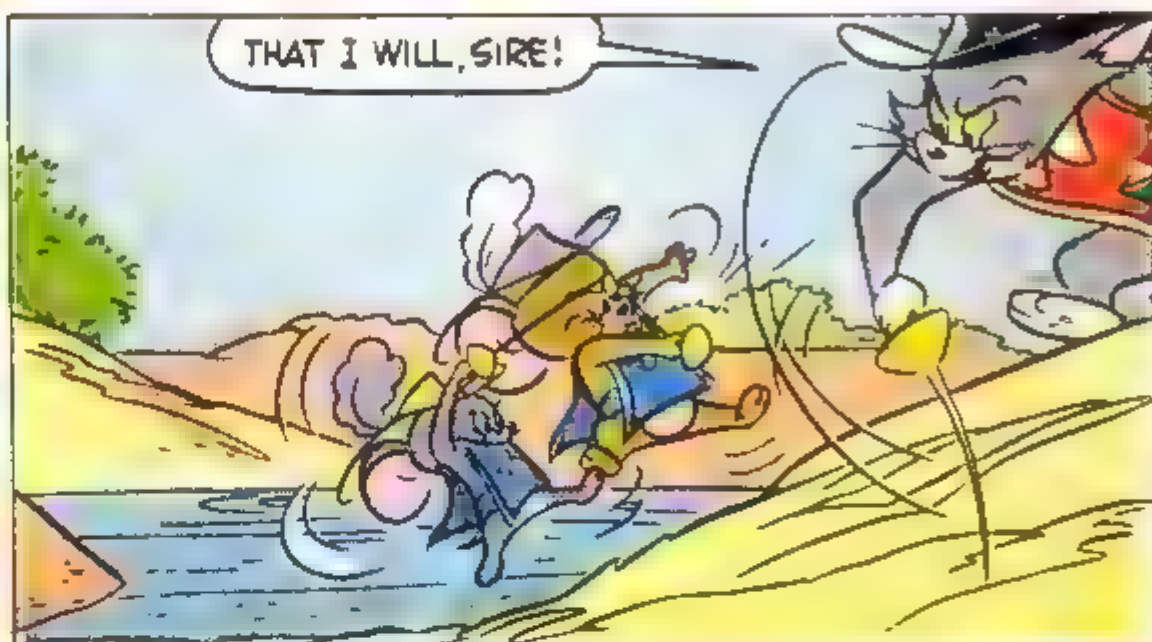
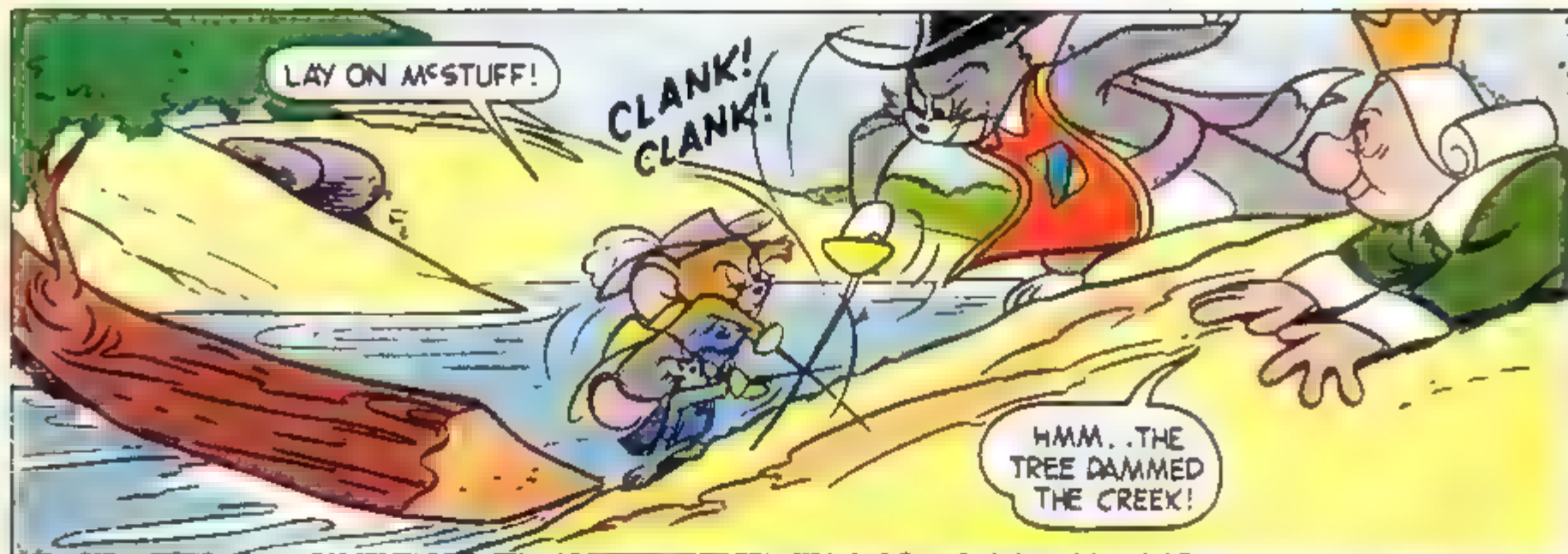




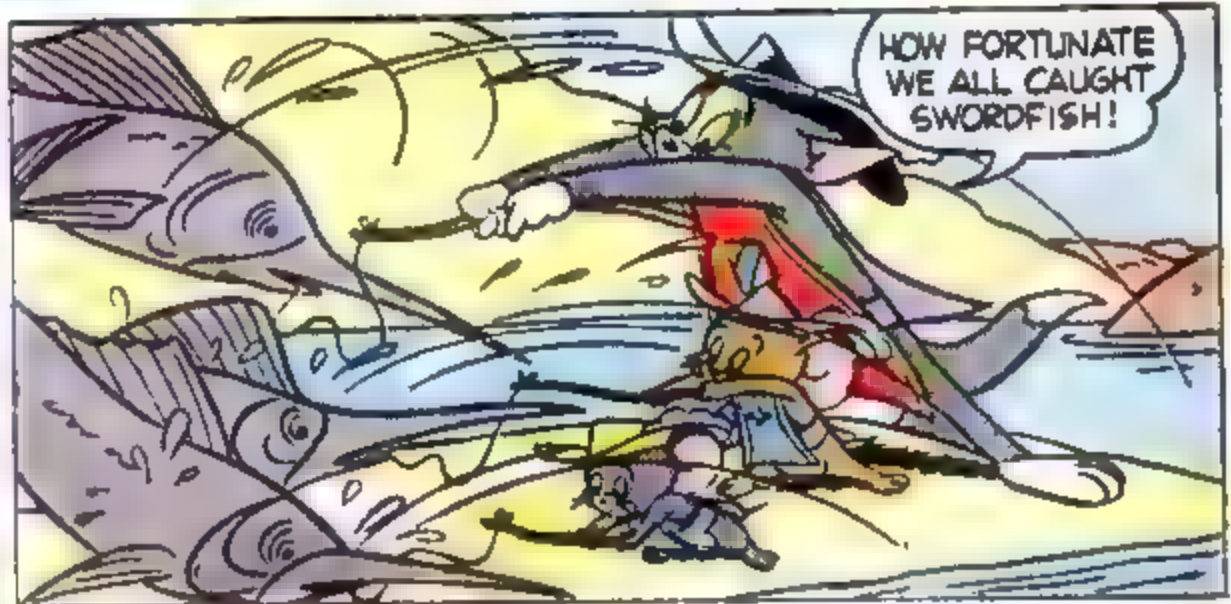
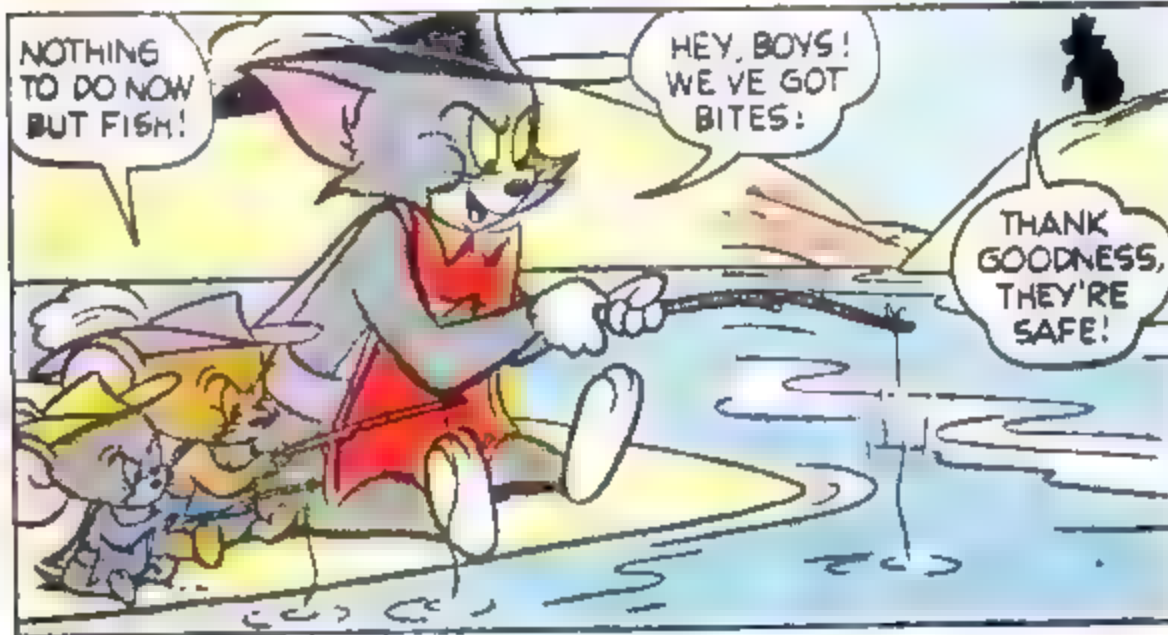
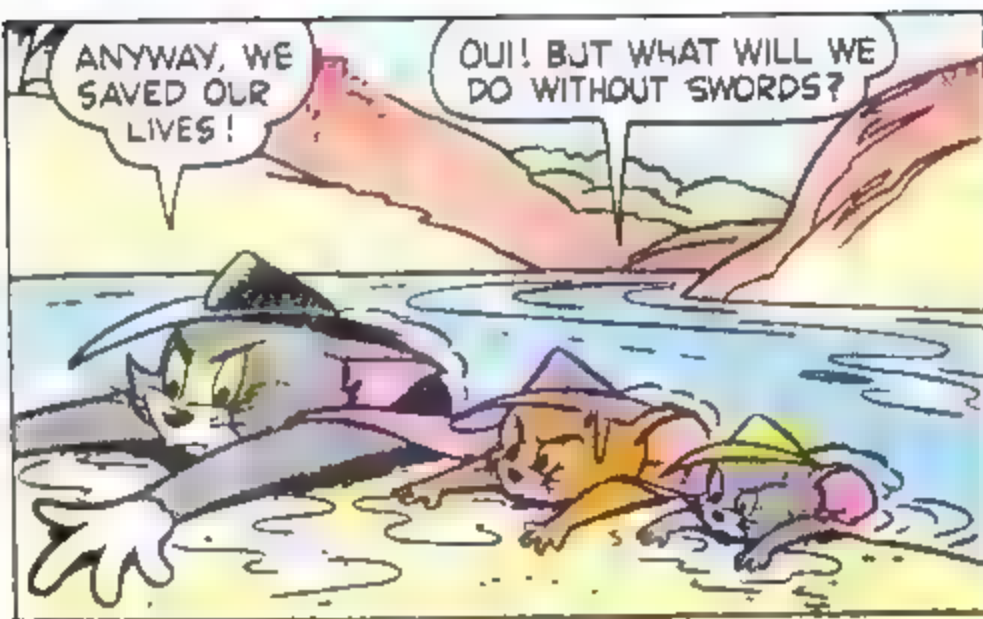














M-G-M CARTOONS

present

# Mouse Musketeers

in  
The UNSPEAKABLE KING

WELL, IT IS ABOUT TIME FOR OLD KING STRAWBOSS TO BE SHOUTING FOR US TO GO TO WORK, M'SIEUR POOSYCAT!

YES HE'LL BE BELLOWING OUT ORDERS ANY MINUTE NOW!

(SIGH!) HE WILL NO DOUBT GIVE US A BACKBREAKING JOB IN THE GROUNDS, LITTLE ONE!

NATURALLY, MON AMI! HE WOULD *LIKE* TO SEND US OUT ON A COLD FOGGY DAY, SUCH AS THIS!

SQUEAK!

?

SQUEAK!

WHAT'S THAT PECULIAR SOUND?

IT IS COMING FROM THE KING'S ROOM!

HE HAS ANOTHER CASE OF LARYNGITIS!

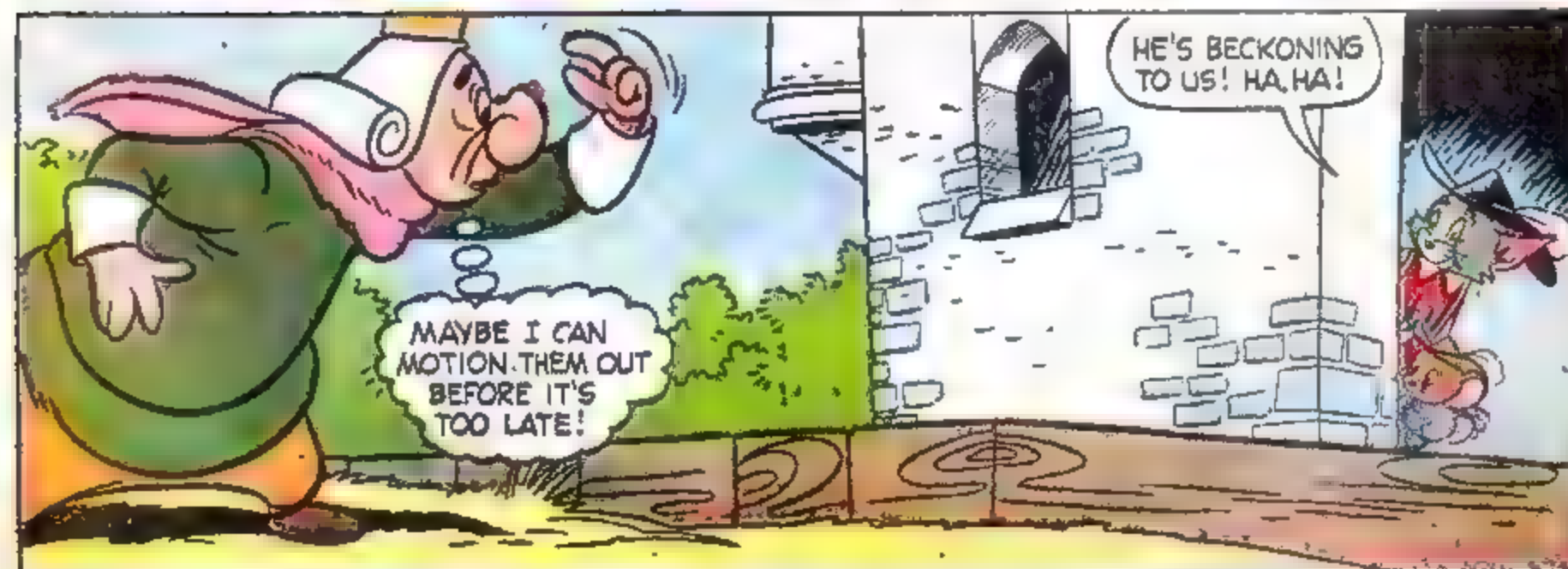
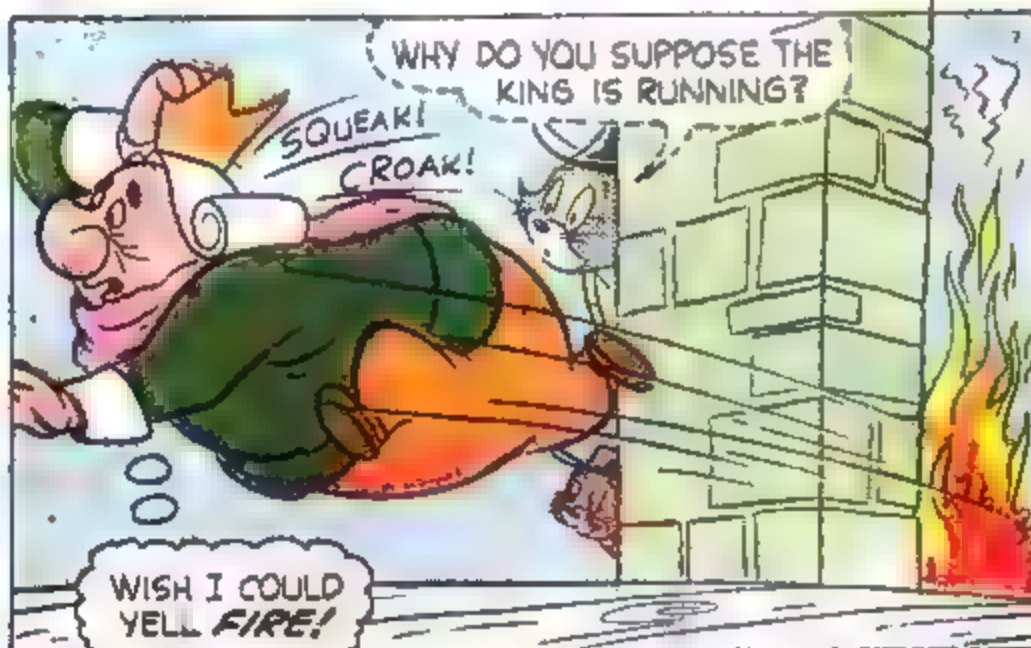
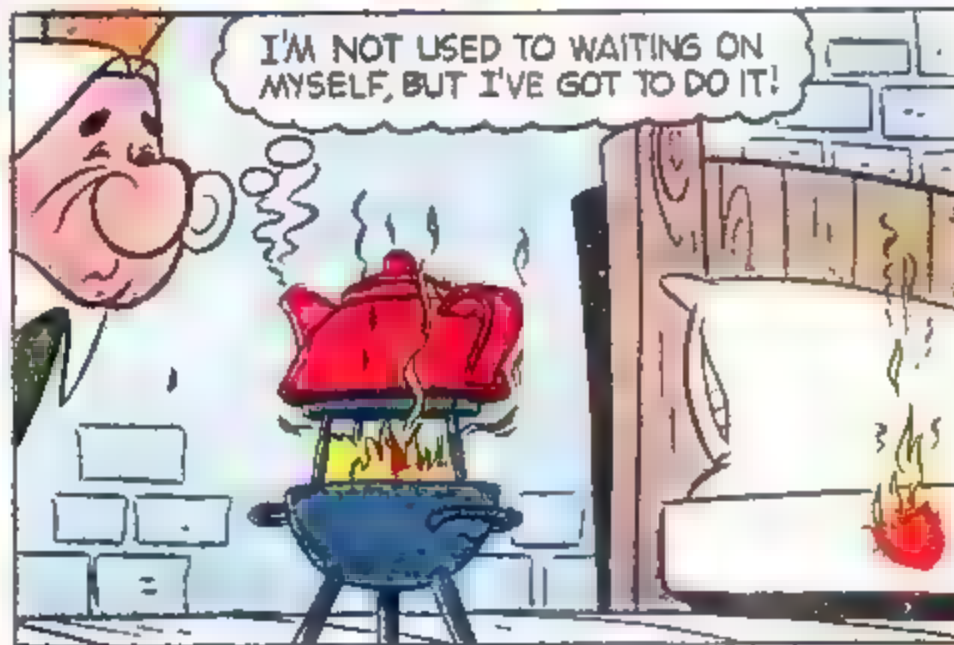
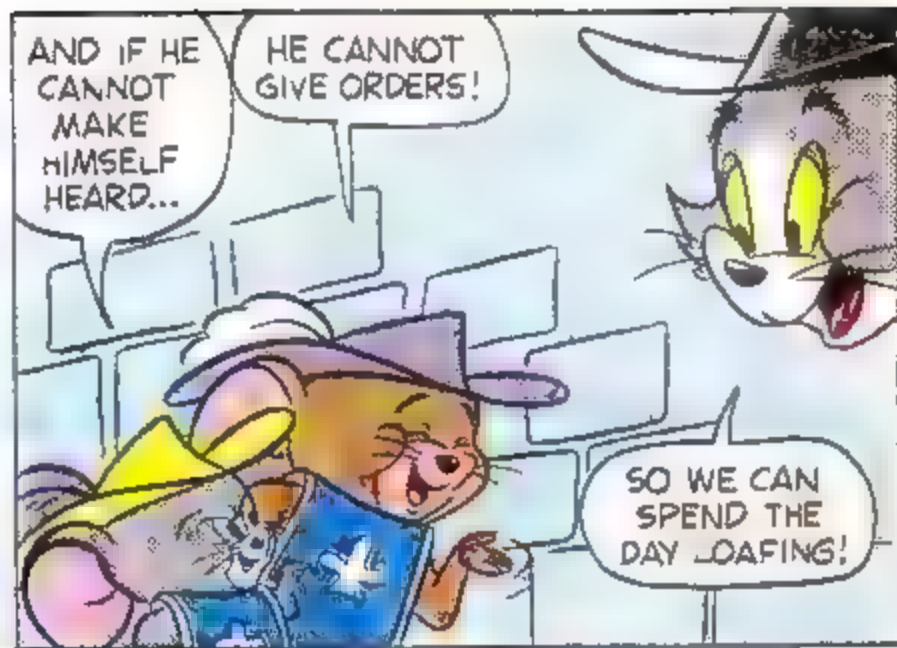
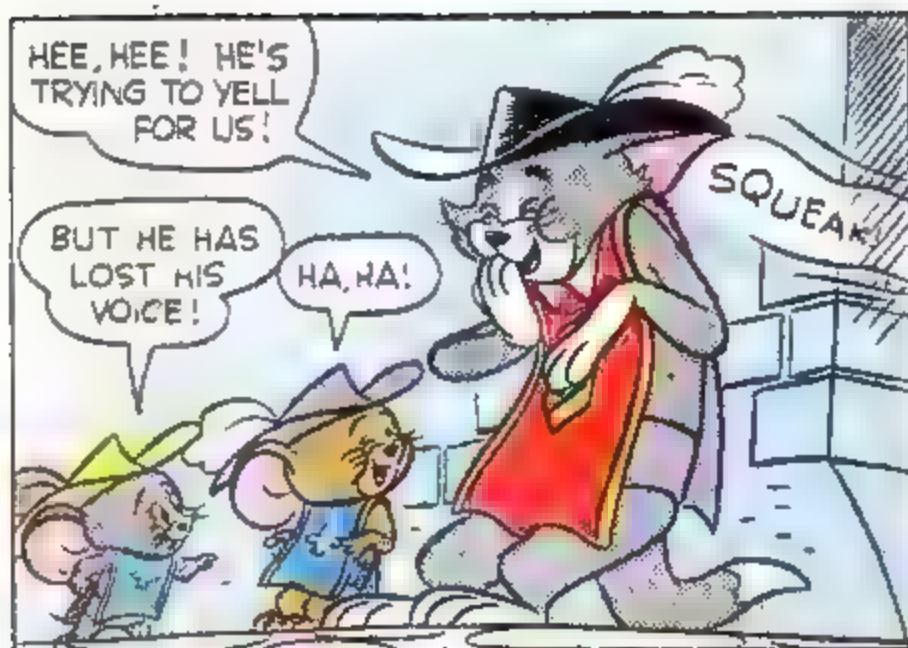
I NEED HELP, BUT I CAN'T YELL!

SQUEAK!

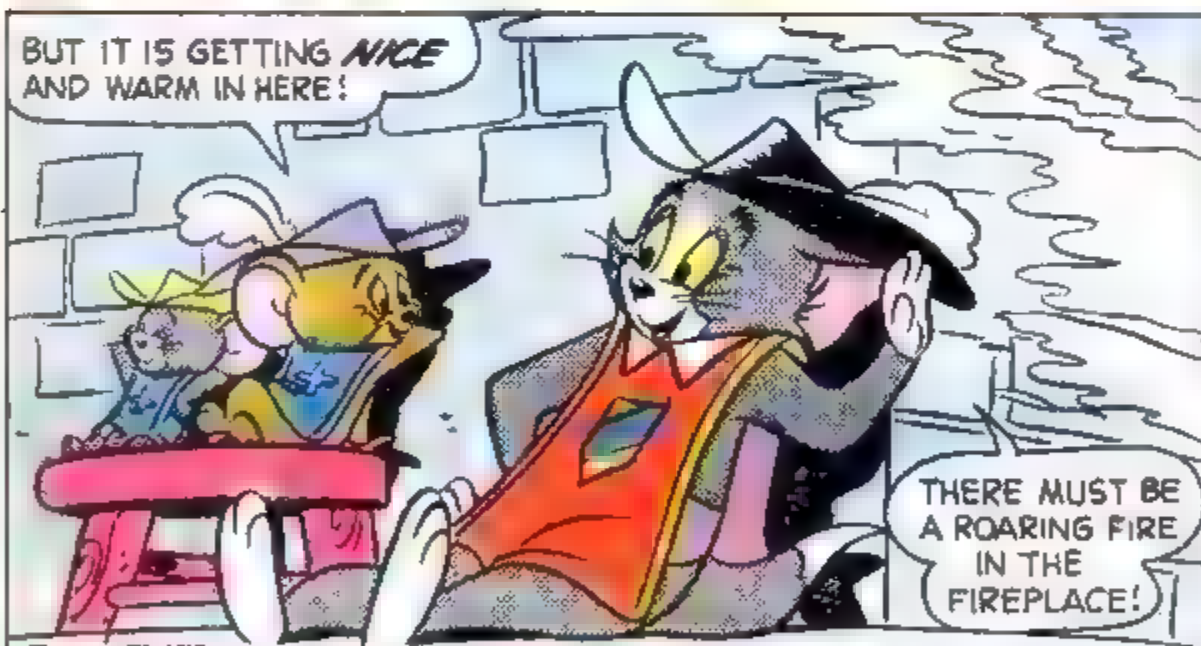
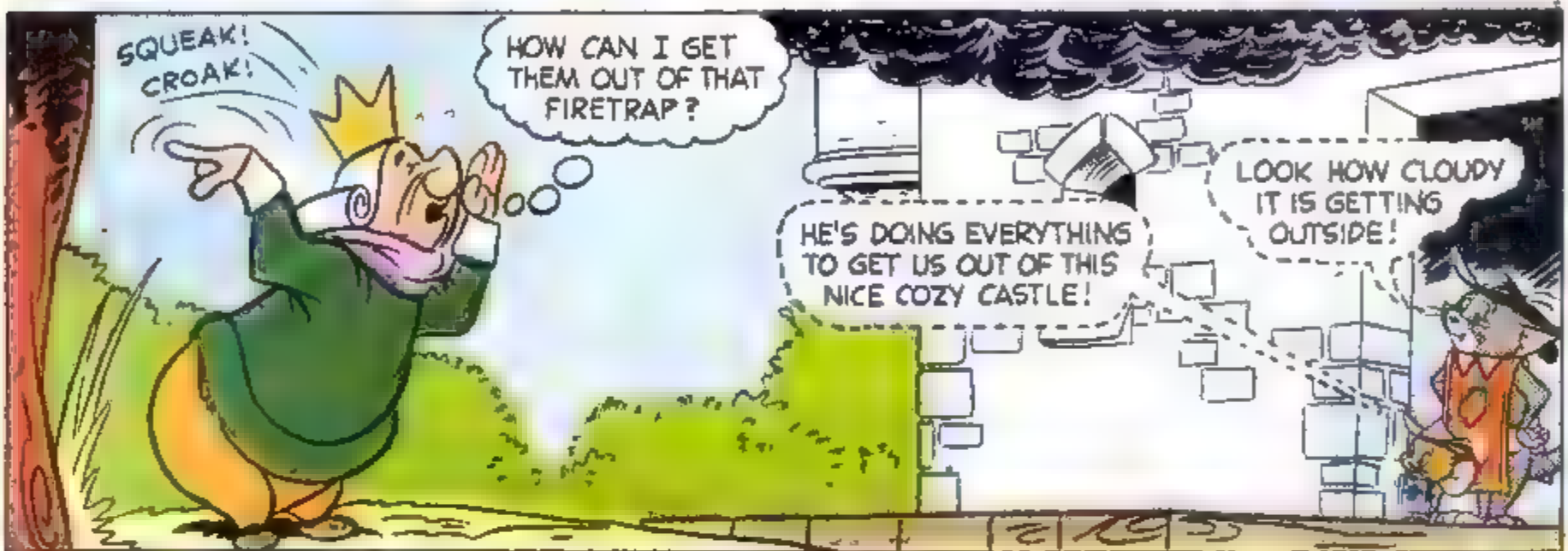
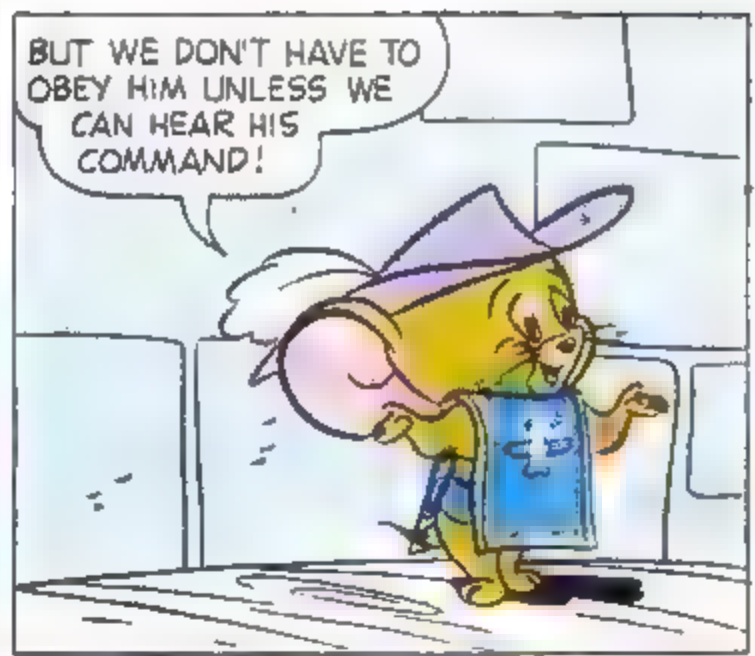
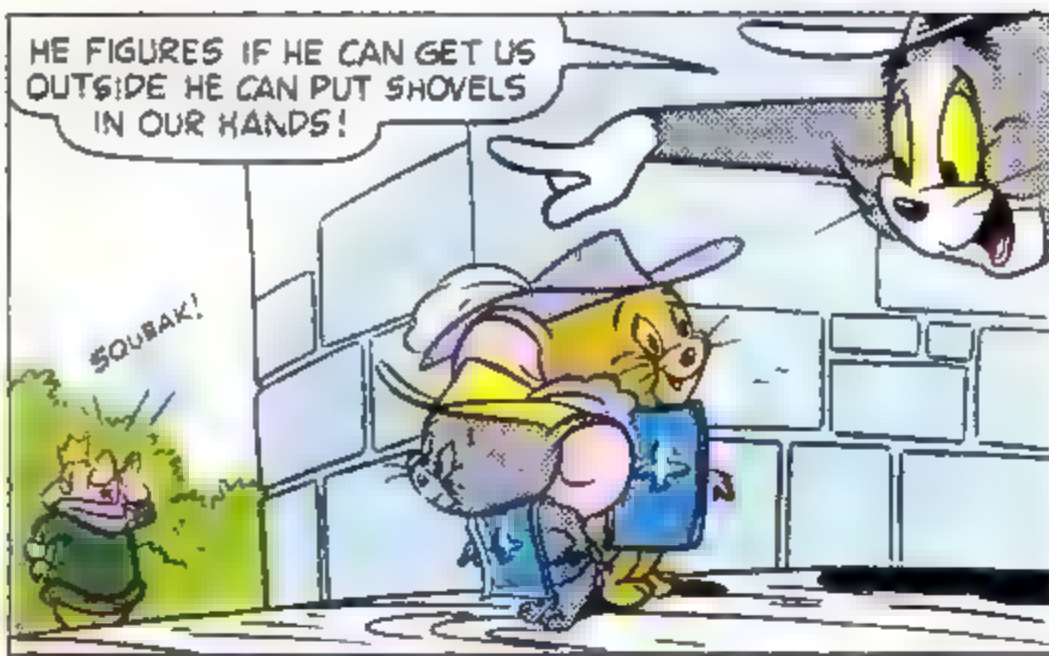
CROAK!

AACK!

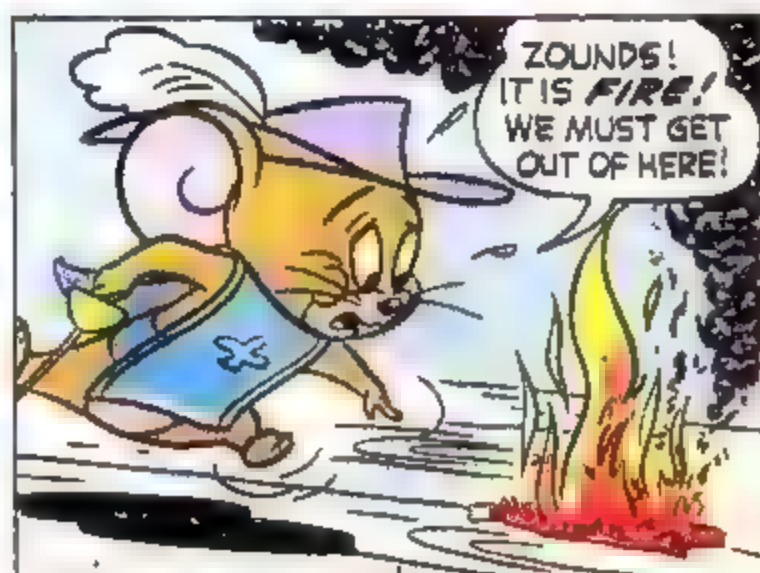
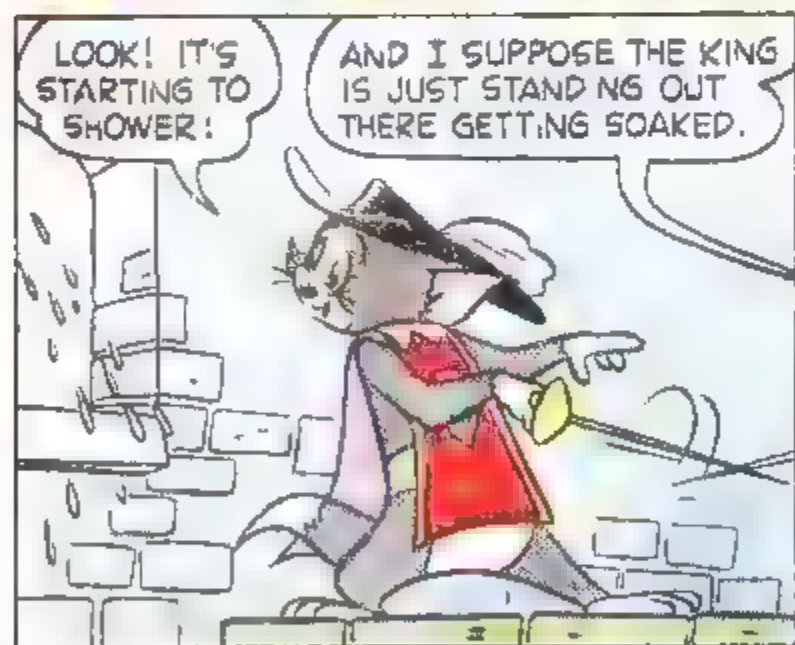
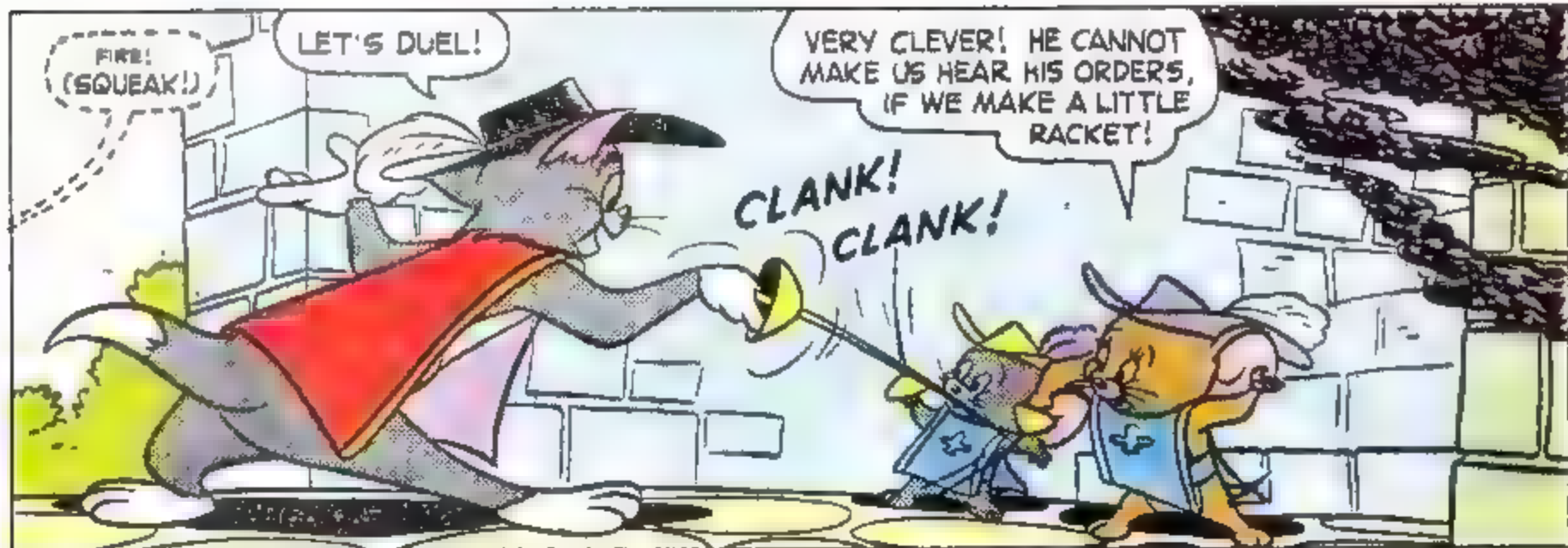




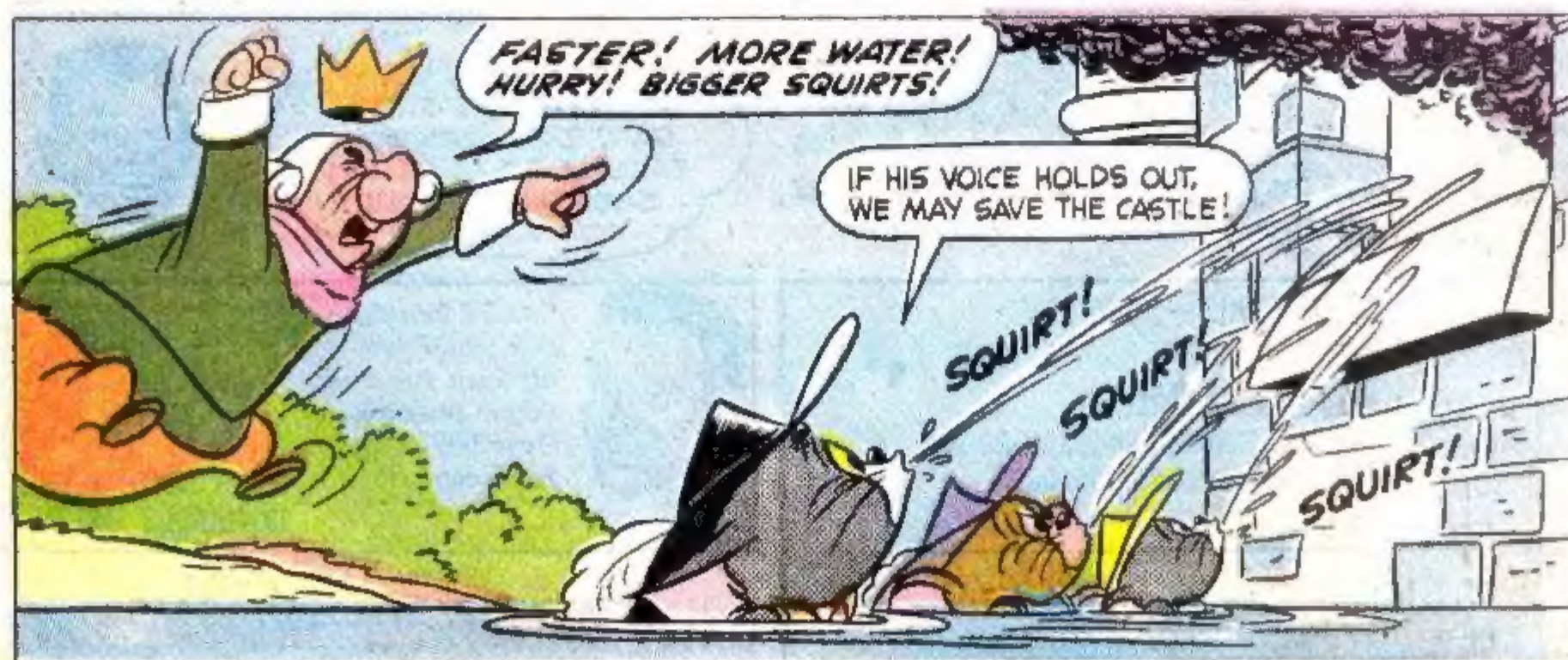






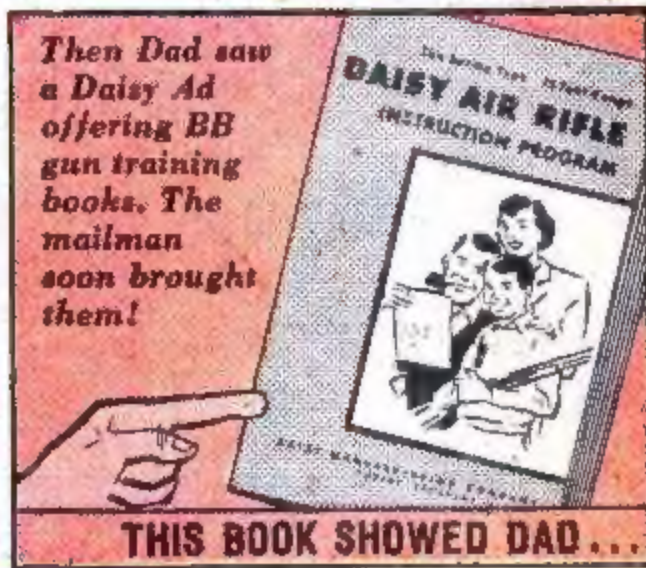
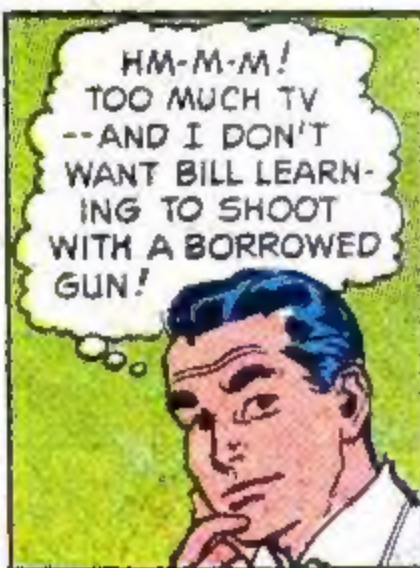
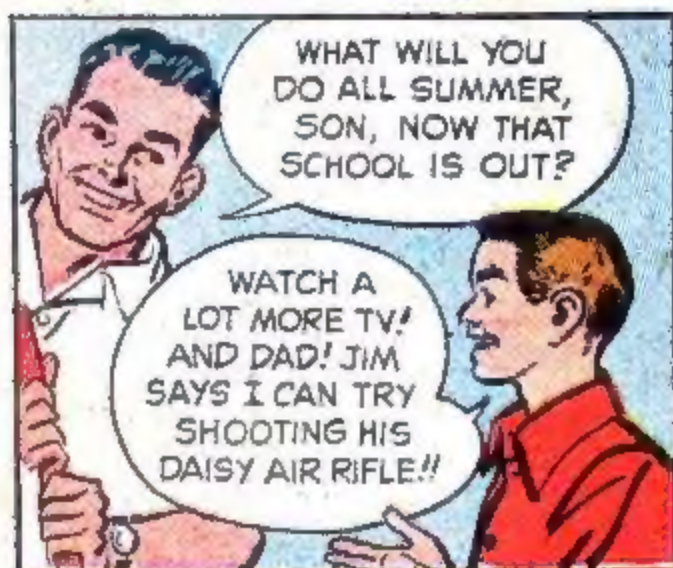








# BILL'S VACATION GIFT from DAD!



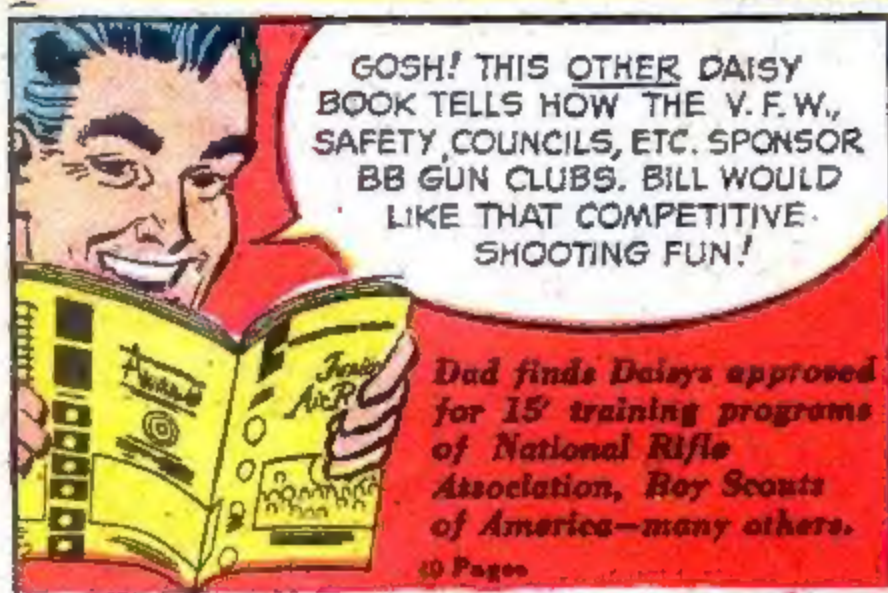
CORRECT SHOOTING POSITIONS... HOW TO SCORE TARGETS... and how he could train Bill to shoot safely at real targets at home—in any 20' room or space. Old grocery store cartons make backstops! And "ammo" costs only 5c for 100 shots.



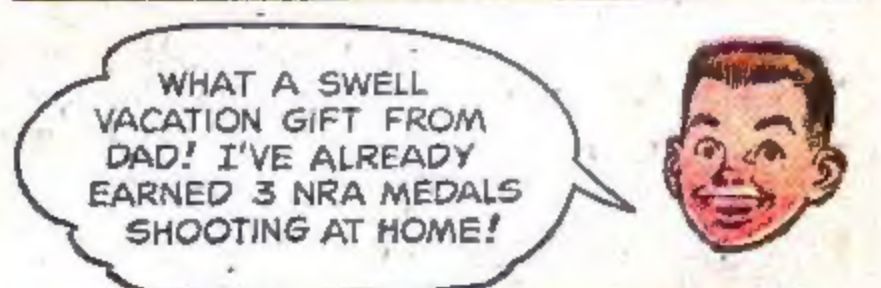
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with REAL 2X SCOPE MOUNTED!

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Size of Image!

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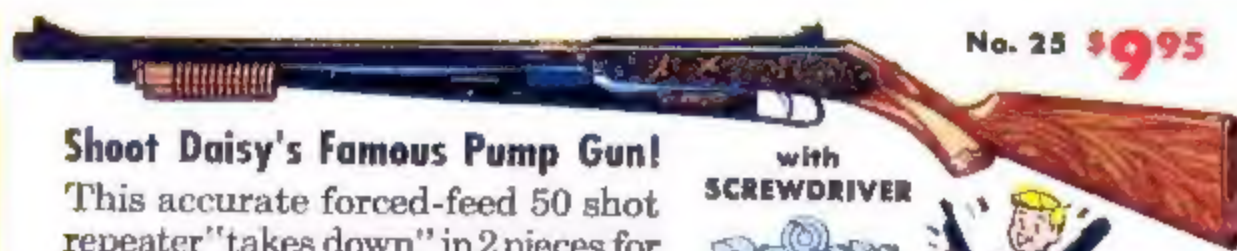
GUN OIL SCOPE BOOK 2 BB PACKS LENS CAPS

how to  
get your  
**DAISY**  
**NOW!**

(1) Ask Dad to  
read opposite page  
and this page.

(2) Then tell him  
name of local  
store selling  
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Thank You!



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This accurate forced-feed 50 shot  
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